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The GRAPHIC



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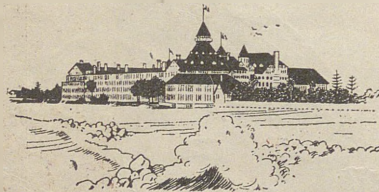
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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



RESOLUTING THEMSELVES "IT"

HAVING resolved that the Republican party of California differs in name only from the new National Progressive party and stands for the same policies in national affairs that the said Progressive party indorses, the executive committee of the Republican state central committee, with Meyer Lissner, presiding, has thus formally indorsed the steal of the Republican state machinery, against which action Senator Works protested in advance. With eleven members of the third party in attendance at the executive meeting in San Francisco last Saturday, holding twelve proxies from their Bull Mice associates, the committee purged itself of all the Republican members and adopted the resolution that completes the rape of the party by the Red Roosevelt.

This action, according to the Los Angeles Tribune, puts the stamp of "absolute legality" upon the campaign that commits the Republican party of California to the support of the Progressive party of the nation. Through the renegade chairman, Meyer Lissner, aided by his political highbinders—all members of the new party—the theft of the state machinery, foreshadowed by Senator Works, who refused to sanction such procedure, is successfully accomplished and those Republicans who are nowise in sympathy with the new party are willy nilly "represented" by Lissner, et al. In other words, the 75,000 majority cast for Roosevelt at the presidential primaries is assumed to be similarly favorable to Roosevelt and his new party—a most unwarrantable conclusion—hence this high-handed act of the men controlling the party machinery in the state.

Having voted for Roosevelt at the presidential primaries, as the best means of defeating Taft in the state, we have a right to protest against the assumption that our vote is still predisposed to the Bull Mice leader. We have seen nothing in his candidacy to warrant the belief that his election will be of greater benefit to the country than that of Gov. Wilson. To the contrary, the tariff views of the latter impel the conviction that Wilson's policies will be infinitely preferable to the "prize package" program of the Colonel, whose plan of deferring action until his "nonpartisan commission" can get busy is not particularly inspiring, in view of the Taft disappointment. As a matter of fact Roosevelt and Taft, when it comes to the tariff, are as alike as two peas.

For this reason, and for others, the Lissner crowd cannot speak for us and we resent the presumption of the executive committee in resolving itself "regular." This may prove healing balm to the type of Bell-Fish perjurers who have registered as Republicans and sworn to support the Republican ticket, but it means nothing. It is as empty sound. The main

intent is to steal the electoral vote of the state which will be done unless the disfranchised Republicans, properly indignant, get behind Wilson in such numbers next November that Roosevelt will be as a fly-speck on the small end of the telescope by comparison. The primaries are not expected to show this disapprobation of the Lissner course. The proper time to rebuke the electoral vote stealers is November 5.

JUDICIARY SELECTIONS DISSATISFYING

RESULTS in the judicial contests at the primaries are not wholly satisfactory. It was a foregone conclusion that Judges McCormick, Houser, and Rives would be indorsed for another term, but the aspirations of Judge Hutton for a similar acknowledgment were not countenanced by thousands who felt that his amazing remarks at the conclusion of the Darrow trial entitled him to defeat. As it is he has run far behind his associates but is still enough ahead with the first ten to insure getting his name on the ballot in November when he will make an effort to attain reelection. That Justice Summerfield should be given preference over so capable an aspirant as Judge George R. Davis of Pasadena is a source of chagrin to friends of the latter.

Judge McCormick heads the ticket with upward of 28,000 votes, Judge Rives second, two thousand votes behind and Judge Houser third, six thousand in the rear of Rives. Judge Hutton polled about one-half the votes accorded McCormick. Charles Wellborn was fifth in the race, almost on even keel with Hutton. The other five to contest for supremacy in November in the order named are Messrs. J. W. Summerfield, G. Ray Horton, John M. York, Fred H. Taft and William H. Frederickson. The fight this fall will be between Horton and Hutton for fifth place, with the odds favoring the brilliant young deputy prosecutor. Wellborn's handsome vote seems to insure him fourth place in the running.

Indications are that the Labor vote, together with the Socialist support, was all that saved Judge Hutton from annihilation. He was slashed right and left in Los Angeles and Pasadena by those who were instrumental in placing him upon the bench six years ago and it was freely remarked that his former friends gave him the cold shoulder at Tuesday's primaries. Whether or not he can muster sufficient strength among the element that kept him from a shut-out Tuesday, for the finals, remains to be seen. We look for a concerted movement to prevent his return to the bench when the unwisdom of his indorsement is fully pondered.

PORTENTOUS RETURNS IN VERMONT

VERMONT, at Tuesday's election, gave Fletcher, the Republican candidate for governor, a plurality of less than 6000 votes over the Democratic nominee, whose total of 19,500 votes led the Progressive candidate by about 5000. Two years ago, the Republican candidate for governor polled 35,263 as against 17,425 for the Democratic nominee. Assuming that the Progressives were seceding Republicans the combined vote of both factions shows a total of 38,000, which is about 1500 less than the full vote cast for Taft in 1908. The Democrats polled 11,496 for Bryan that year and 17,425 for Watson for governor two years later. Their high water mark this year indicates a pretty healthy party organization, with strong possibilities of carrying the state for Wilson in November, since it is likely that the Taft Republicans, fearing the Progressive inroads, will desert to the Democratic candidate in a body.

This division of Vermont is a fair indication of what the country may expect at the November election. It is patent that Roosevelt will cut the Repub-

lican vote in twain in many states, leaving the Democrats winners wherever the party is well organized and without internal dissensions. Moreover, in those states where Taft is weak, the tendency of the anti-Roosevelt Republicans to go to Wilson will be marked. This will be particularly true of California where the Taft following has been disfranchised by the Progressives, through their control of the state machinery. If, in a rock-bound Republican state like Vermont, the three parties can so nearly apportion the total vote, as shown, there is scant hope for a Taft victory two months hence.

There is good cause for Progressive rejoicing at the result in Vermont after so brief a campaign. With only two or three weeks of speaking and organizing the respectable total of 14,250 augurs ill for the Taft adherents in November. We look to see the regular Republican following get panicky toward the close of the campaign and make a bee line for the Wilson camp in the effort to defeat Roosevelt. It is the only rational thing to do to save an unmerciful drubbing. As goes Vermont so goes the nation and this step, foreshadowed by the return of Tuesday, is the sole recourse of the disrupted Republican party. Truly, Vermont has spoken for the country.

CONGRESSIONAL RESULTS A TIE

THAT several close contests for congress resulted from Tuesday's primaries in this state is indicated by the early returns, particularly in the Third and Eighth districts. In the former Charles F. Curry, for years secretary of state, Republican, was pitted against Frank R. Devlin, Progressive. With receipt of the latest figures Curry seems to have won by less than seventy-five votes. In the Eighth E. A. Hayes of San Jose (incumbent), Republican, was opposed by Judge Robert M. Clark of Ventura. In the northern and eastern portions of the district Hayes led, but in the southern half Clark proved so strong that he overcame the handicap beyond the Tehachapi but the latest returns give Hayes a small but safe lead.

In the Tenth district (Los Angeles) William D. Stephens (incumbent), Progressive, had a certainty, although he was opposed by an old campaigner and a man of great popularity in the person of Col. W. H. Holabird; the strenuous efforts of the Progressives to carry the senatorial and assembly districts proved a source of strength to Stephens, whose renomination never was menaced. Mr. Stephens has made a good record in congress and his victory will not be seriously regretted by the friends of Col. Holabird.

Probably, the fiercest fight for supremacy was waged in the new Ninth district where James McLachlan was striving to gain the Republican nomination over the aspirations of Charles W. Bell, the Progressive candidate. With a four-to-one adverse vote, based on the presidential primaries, to overcome, McLachlan yet made an excellent showing, reducing his opponent's concession one hundred per cent, but not enough to win. In Long Beach, Pomona and other centers in the district McLachlan ran ahead of Bell, but the latter's lead in Pasadena was sufficient to settle the controversy. The independent Progressive, Charles H. Randall, cut little ice; Mayor Windham of Long Beach received a handsome complimentary vote in his home town, but elsewhere his support was negligible. Mr. Bell can now drop his Republican mask with safety since the state ticket will take care of his pretensions, along with other alleged Republicans.

Considerable interest was aroused in the Eleventh district contest between Evans (Progressive) and Kirby (Republican). The latter's support in his home town, San Diego, was not enough to overcome the big vote Orange, Riverside, San Bernardino and

Inyo counties gave the Riverside man, who is the nominee. In the First district, Hart, Independent, won, and in the Second Rutherford, Progressive, scored. Judge Raker, Democrat and incumbent, is again named and with the prestige of a Wilson year may be able to defeat Rutherford in November. Julius Kahn, Republican, had no Progressive opposition in the Fourth; Nolan, Progressive, is a winner in the Fifth, and Knowland (incumbent) in the Sixth is indorsed for another term, as also is Needham, Republican, in the Seventh. Assuming that Curry and Hayes are successful in the Third and Eighth districts the result will show five Republicans and six Progressives, with the Democrats, of course, free to do their best in the fall. Should Raker defeat Rutherford in the Second in November and no other Democrats win, the remaining ten congressional districts will be divided equally between the Republicans and the Progressives.

POOR CASE TO ARBITRATE

OFFICIAL announcement that Great Britain will make formal demand upon the United States government for arbitration of its claim that the Panama canal toll act violates the Hay-Pauncefote treaty need cause no surprise. When Great Britain relinquished her right to joint control of the canal, which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty stipulated, we agreed, by the terms of the Hay-Pauncefote substitute, to make certain concessions in return and paramount among the clauses in the 1901 treaty was the declaration that the "canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination . . . in respect to the conditions or charges of traffic or otherwise.

What an evasion of our obligation to say that it is "our" canal, paid for with "our" money, and that the coastwise trade is not in conflict with other nations since they are barred from competition? This is rank pettifoggery. In many ways the coastwise vessels by reasons of the bonus could work discrimination to foreign trade. One way is to enable Atlantic coastwise ships to land their goods in San Diego, San Pedro or San Francisco, cheaper by 3000 miles of ocean travel and \$1.25 a ton freight than Liverpool goods. As all such wares intended for exportation could be exempted from customs dues another big leverage over Liverpool is manifest. The bonus alone of free tolls, aside from the Atlantic ocean voyage from Liverpool is certain to injure the trade of the latter port.

Of course, we are bound to take all fair advantage of our business rivals as possible, but we cannot afford to do it at the expense of our national honor. For value received, we entered into a compact which we are now seeking to break on specious grounds. Mr. Taft has complicated matters by signing the bill that puts a stigma upon our good faith. Not only does he give the bill his approval, but he says we have the right to deal with this question without submitting it to arbitration since it is a "purely domestic matter." This is puerile. The treaty is an international affair. We are, in a measure, sponsors for The Hague court, and to refuse to submit our case to the tribunal we helped to establish were to appear in a sorry light before the nations of the world.

About the worst feature of this trafficking with a great principle is that the remission of tolls is in favor of a monopoly that is already established by law. Presumably, the coastwise ships are expected to give in lower freight rates all they save through the free tolls clause. But they also save the difference in handling freight both sides of the isthmus, estimated at \$5 a ton. Does anybody expect that the consumers are to be given this \$6.25? Not so long as the combination to respect coastwise territory exists among coast vessel owners. There will be a reduction, of course, but the larger share of the saving effected will go into the private treasury and the free tolls will be an added bonus. The minimum of railway freight will be the maximum of ocean rates. As usual, it will be a case of "all that the traffic will bear." As for the \$400,000,000 investment, the peo-

ple will pay for it, and the deprivation of income from coast tolls will be merely an added burden imposed by a beneficent government in favor of special interests. View it as we may the free toll clause is an outrage, aside from the treaty ethics involved.

SOLE RECOURSE OF REPUBLICANS

AFTER September 24 when the state "Republican" convention at Sacramento has completed its deliberations and solemnly declared for Roosevelt and the third party electors we predict that not a Taft Republican will be found in California. In a half-hearted way attempt was made to stem the Progressives in Southern California, but the light vote polled attested the lack of real interest in the primaries. In the northern half of the state, where there is less emotionalism for Roosevelt and his specious promises, a much larger vote was polled and five Taft Republicans were nominated for congress.

Attorney General Webb is authority for the statement that if the Taft Republicans fail to capture the Sacramento convention the only way their electors can get on the ballot is by petition and under the designation "Taft Republican." This is probably correct. A Taft Republican would have about as much show of election in California as Mr. Taft does of succeeding himself in the White House. To follow this advice would be to turn the state over to Roosevelt and his vagaries. As to the alternative—a bolting convention, the naming of thirteen Republican electors and a legal fight to keep the Progressives from appropriating the Republican designation—it is a doubtful remedy. The Kansas courts have decided against the Republican protestants in that state and a part of the United States supreme bench, specially invoked, has declined to take the responsibility of reversing the state court's ipse dixit.

There is no question that Wilson electors can be named in California if the disfranchised Republicans will unite with the Democrats. The sentiment in the north, which has nominated five Republican congressmen, proves that a coalition with the Democrats can successfully rebuke the chicanery of the third party managers in the state. Only in this way lies victory and in view of the splendid qualities of heart and mind of the Democratic leader, no American worthy the name need be ashamed of supporting Gov. Wilson for the highest office in the gift of the people.

INFLUENCE OF VICIOUS REPRIEVES

DOUBTLESS, Judge Dunne of San Francisco is right in saying that the jury did not do its full duty in returning a compromise verdict in the case of Charles Bonner, the youth who slew Bernice Godair because she repelled his amorous advances. But in convicting the young man of murder in the second degree, whose maximum penalty is life imprisonment, which the trial judge has imposed, unquestionably, the verdict was influenced by the repeated interference of the state executive with judicial sentences involving capital punishment. Rather than give the politicians further opportunity to meddle with justice the second degree finding resulted.

Since last January Gov. Johnson has deferred to his several newspaper organs whose controlling owners have supported the anti-capital punishment vagary. To please them he has unwarrantably interfered with the course of justice, repeatedly relieving murderers in nowise entitled to executive clemency. As a result San Quentin now lodges upward of a score of men under death sentence, one of the most notorious of whom is George Figueroa from this county, who killed his young wife after torturing her for hours because she refused to yield herself to his bestial companion. The dastard has been three times reprieved by Gov. Johnson in furtherance of his pact with the anti-mollycoddlers and once by Lieut.-Governor Wallace, whose excuse is that he hasn't had opportunity to investigate the crime.

Rubbish. It is a continuation of the agreement, to which, undoubtedly, Johnson pledged him before deserting his post of duty. Wallace has followed up this unwarrantable interference with the courts by relieving the wretch Szafscar, equally undeserving

of executive clemency. Commenting on the stay of execution in the case of Figueroa the San Francisco Call observes: "Month after month the executive of this state hinders the execution of the righteous sentence pronounced by the law and cheats the justice of the state. For what purpose? To gain a few votes—that's why. To hold in line the sentimentalists who clamor against capital punishment—that's the reason. It is a shame and a disgrace to the state that an abhorrent murderer should be made a football of politics and that the feet of the avenging law should be tied until such a time as the last possible vote has been bartered for and obtained." Our position precisely, as we have many times reiterated. The bench and bar should rise in its might and voice a thundering protest.

WILSON AND ROOSEVELT CONTRASTED

IOWA has yielded to the seductive influence of the Colonel and named a Progressive state ticket despite the solicitations of Senator Cummins to the contrary. The latter having promised to support the Bull Mice leader is thus forced into an equivocal attitude. Roosevelt is quoted as remarking, "I don't mind if Senator Cummins says he does not believe that the third party movement has come to stay. We want the support of all men who believe in our fight and we will convince them after they come with us we are in it to stick."

However, the Colonel is not likely to make many converts merely by denouncing the other fellow. That sort of campaigning was well enough twenty-five years ago, or even so recent as 1896, but the average voter wants reasons, sound arguments poked at him these days, rather than vituperation and denunciation of the opposition. At Des Moines, the Colonel indulged in his favorite stunt of excoriating the pernicious bosses of the other parties while arrogating to his own organization all the virtues under the sun. Deliberately ignoring the routing of the bosses at Baltimore and the triumph of the representative delegates in the nomination of Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Roosevelt advised his audience that "if the Democrats win in this campaign it will mean that every boss in the Democratic party will be enthroned in power in every part of the country. It will mean that the powers that prey, the privileged interests whom the bosses cater to will have a new lease of life.

Tommyrot! The powers that prey, the privileged interests will have to hump themselves once Gov. Wilson is fairly installed in office. They have far less to fear at Roosevelt's hands with his trust-nursing, protection tendencies. His talk about the "rule of privilege" in case Wilson is elected has a hollow ring, it smacks of insincerity. What does Gov. Wilson say about government by commission, so favored by Roosevelt? At the dollar dinner of the Wilson Workingmen's League in New York Tuesday night, among other pithy truths he scored the fallacious government by commission idea, insisting that it remedies nothing, creates no freedom, but serves to perpetuate and license the concentration of control. He promised to make war upon it to the utmost of his power. He added:

No government has ever been beneficent when the attitude of government was that it would take care of the people. Let me tell you that freedom exists only where the people take care of the government. We are grown up and 21 and we don't have to have anybody tell us what is good for us. We live our own lives, it is our own lives that serve us, and we will tell the government what we want.

Gov. Wilson has fine scorn for the tariff experts. He says he has lived among so-called economic experts all his life and he knows that anybody who pretends to be an expert on the tariff is a faker. Moreover, he declares that American business men are not nearly so well informed regarding world markets, courses and routes of commerce and banking processes as are their foreign rivals. Canadian bankers, he avers, have been permitted to get control of the greater part of the business of buying foreign bills of exchange in American ports because our own banks were not properly equipped for handling this business.

Gov. Wilson contends for a more extended and a

freer commerce in order to increase the production of American goods, to augment their sales, to add to American prosperity. He insists—and we think he is right—that it is now too late to consider any other policy because our domestic market is too small. This is the sort of talk that counts. It is constructive, not destructive; it is concrete, not abstract, it deals with material issues, not sentimental ones. Contrast the Wilson addresses, wherever made, with the Roosevelt vociferations and you find able, earnest suggestions in the Democratic candidate's controversial arguments, specific remedies offered for known social and political wrongs. What do we get from the Colonel? An eternal tirade about bosses, a sneer at the "professor," a contemptuous allusion to Taft, a category of the virtues of his new party. As to the remedies for unequal burdens caused by the vicious tariffs he would switch the "prizes" from the purses of the privileged trusts to the pay envelopes of the laborer. But he would retain the buccaneering tariff. How he would accomplish his great feat of legerdemain he does not discover to us. The Colonel is always entertaining, always an amooosin' cuss, but he is not convincing, he is not constructive. He is picturesque and eye-filling, but unsound, economically.

TO MAKE A ROMAN HOLIDAY

WITH the entirely laudable motive of keeping world's championship athletics free from taint, the commissions that control the Olympic contests are disposed to employ drastic measures which threaten to work grave injustice upon the men whose strength, endurance, and agility make these great tournaments classic affairs. The managers have declared that the athlete, who has devoted the best part of his life to self-denial, gruelling courses of training, and development of his physique, must not make use of this prowess in earning a livelihood. This means a great hardship, the effect of which will result in many natural athletes, who regard their duty to themselves and those dependent upon them as taking precedence of the honor of winning a highly decorative but inedible Olympic wreath, deciding to embark in more sustaining forms of activity.

There are comparatively few men on this planet who have more than one pronounced talent. Upon that talent they rely for their material well-being. If a man's bent lies along intellectual lines, and he achieves preeminence over his fellows in college, he is considered a wastrel if he does not employ his powers in his subsequent life for the acquisition of a competence. But if he be a physical, instead of a mental giant, he must, forsooth, abstain from all contests in which he has an opportunity of obtaining money remuneration, or else be labeled "professional," and eternally debarred from decent athletic society!

Theoretically, the Olympics are held for the purpose of stimulating the highest physical ideals. Will these ideals suffer when one in whom they have found highest expression, exhibits his powers in a contest or in a theater, simply because he is paid for it? Will not the ideals be disseminated more effectively, as a matter of fact, by these athletes appearing in a great many cities, before thousands upon thousands of spectators, rather than before the necessarily limited audiences at the Olympic games? The short-sighted, nurse-maid attitude of the protestants is evidenced by their suggestion that if a victorious athlete takes part in a competition, for money, within twenty months of his victory at the Olympic contests, his name shall be stricken from the record, and the man who finished second shall be declared winner.

What true sportsman would accept such a decision after being fairly defeated? The proponents fail to state whether or not a record made by an athlete thus "disgraced" also shall be expunged, and the highest jump or the fastest mile ever made in the history of athletics solemnly set back to the previous mark. It is well to guard our colleges and strictly amateur sports from inroads of professionalism, in which the principle is victory for the sake of victory, and not for the sake of the game. When we come to the question of world supremacy, however, it is man-

ifestly unjust to ask a man to sacrifice everything to the Roman holiday and not be permitted to reap the pecuniary awards that logically follow.

IMPERSONAL AND PERSONAL FLAYINGS

ROOSEVELT was the recipient of two pretty sharp raps this week, one administered by Gov. Wilson, the other by Gen. Nelson A. Miles. The Democratic candidate was the chief speaker at the Buffalo Labor Day celebration and in reviewing the Bull Mice platform he showed that it had two sides and two tones. It speaks warm sympathy with practically every project of social betterment to which men and women of broad sympathies are now turning with generous purposes and on that side it is refreshing to read. "But that," remarked the governor, "is not the part of the platform that reads like a program." The latter, he declared, was where the tariff is spoken of and the trusts. "In that portion of the document there is an air of business and a very definite indication of what is intended to be done and by what means."

With fine sarcasm Gov. Wilson alluded to the Colonel's solicitude because so large an amount of money is taken out of the pocket of the general taxpayer and put into the pocket of particular classes of protected manufacturers, his chief concern being that so little of this money gets into the pockets of the employees. Said the governor: "I have searched his program thoroughly for an indication of what he expects to do in order to see to it that a larger proportion of this 'prize' money gets into the pay envelope and I have found only one suggestion."

This suggestion, as we have heretofore pointed out, is the minimum wage plank for women workers, which the governor assumes is a principle intended to apply, eventually, to men likewise. "In the event," argues Mr. Wilson, "of the establishment by law of a minimum wage, the great majority of employers would take occasion to bring their wage scale as nearly as might be down to the level of that minimum and it would be awkward for the workingmen to resist that process successfully because it would be dangerous to strike against the authority of the federal government."

From this Gov. Wilson argues that the program of the new party legalizes monopolies and systematically subordinates workingmen to them and to plans made by the government, both with regard to employment and with regard to wages. Perhaps this new and all-conquering combination between money and government would be benevolent to us, perhaps it would carry out the noble program of social betterment which so many expect of it, but who can assure us of that? asks the governor, adding, "What we need is the regulation of competition and the prosecution of what has created monopoly. When you have regulated monopoly you have, in effect, restored it."

General Miles in a signed statement expressing his opinion of Roosevelt appears anxious not to be misunderstood. He asks his countrymen to think deeply and act wisely before permitting the government to follow the fate that has befallen other republics. He admonishes that false prophets have arisen and demagogues have flourished, but "never before has one appeared in our country possessing the worst elements of both and at the same time consumed with his own selfish ambition." This, declares the general, "is the true character of Roosevelt. . . American citizens need only to look at his record to recognize the most colossal fraud that this country has ever produced and the most unfit man for the responsible and dignified office of President. Lacking the qualities and characteristics requisite to a proper discharge of the duties of that high office he has an excess of such as positively disqualify him."

General Miles goes on to specify the excess disqualifications. They may be summarized in seriatim as "Roosevelt the lover of strife, the pretender, the reckless, the insolent, the undemocratic, the usurper, the demagogue, the hypocrite." "Here he is," exclaims the General, "railing against the trusts who, when in office, prosecuted only a few that he thought

unfriendly to him and protected the great majority of trusts and personally helped to create and establish the most colossal trust now in existence." It is a bitter arraignment, so caustic, in fact, that it suggests a personal grievance as the motive. What was it that the Roosevelt administration denied to General Miles? Our recollection is hazy, but we recall that at the time of Miles' retirement in 1903 certain aspirations he cherished in respect to his army career were thwarted by President Roosevelt. Moreover, the general is a Democrat and this is a presidential campaign year.

EMPIRICAL MEANS TO AN END

INSTEAD of attacking the root of the disease, the empiricists are prescribing nostrums for the cure of the high cost of living which can only give temporary relief at best. Thus, it is proposed to eliminate the peddlers' license fees in Los Angeles in the fond hope that the consumers will be able to transfer the \$42,000 which the itinerants pay the city into their own pockets. But what if they do? The taxes thus diverted must be restored in another way and in the end the people must supply the deficiency. The same proponents of this fallacious economic reasoning are they who supported the petition proposing to abolish the poll tax. It was merely a shifting of the burden; had the plan succeeded the Japanese, the transient, the class of workmen that supports the government in no other way would have been relieved of all taxation and the thrifty, the steady, the saving citizen would have been compelled to pay the difference. It was a most unfair proposal.

Those newspapers that supported the poll tax absurdity and are clamoring for the abolition of peddlers' licenses are the same ones found advocating the Roosevelt "prize money" plan which he would take away from the predatory trusts and distribute in the pay envelopes of the laborer. But by what process of buccaneering is this prize money obtained? Is it not wrested from the consumers of the country through the invidious tariffs? The Roosevelt way, then, is to continue the robbing process, but divert the proceeds into the pockets of the proletariat. Of course, this is buncombe; tariffs force up prices and the producer, not the laborer, reaps the benefit. The protection-to-American-workingman-humbug has been exposed in all its hollowness by the developments of recent years.

In his speech before the State Grange of Pennsylvania Gov. Wilson showed that freer markets are made by relaxing the stiff and stupid system of tariff taxation. A government that refuses to distribute its benefits and protections equally is not the one for the whole people to indorse unless they are content to bear the unfair burdens laid upon them by the tariff that filches from the masses to give to the privileged few. We may rebate license fees, lop off taxes and pretend to be lightening the burdens, but we are merely transferring them, as we have shown. Strike at the roots, remove the origin of excessive prices and the entire country will benefit and benefit permanently. Let us have done with empiricism and quackery.

GRAPHITES

How positively refreshing to find the embezzling cashier of a San Francisco mutual benefit life insurance company admitting his guilt, spurning the aid of a criminal lawyer to defend him and asking for punishment. If he had only explained that he devoted his illicit funds to relieving the poor and needy and had enough left to hire a smart lawyer he might not only have been acquitted, but have had the trial judge weep on his neck for joy.

Unusual distinction is thrust upon United States Consul Hugh Gibson of Havana, a product of Los Angeles county. Two Cuban editors are to fight a duel, their controversy arising from the recent assault by a Cuban reporter on the American consul. Hugh used to be a reporter himself in an amateur way before he entered the diplomatic service.

Unhappy Mr. Taft! A sprained ankle and an attack of gout to nurse, in addition to the unpleasant memories of mistakes made and penalties of repudiation awaiting him. Our sympathies are with William Howard aboard the Mayflower on vacation bent.

August Strindberg's Malvolence Self-Revealed---By Randolph Bartlett

NINTH PAPER IN MODERN DRAMA

"**P**ERHAPS a time will arrive when we have become so developed, so enlightened, that we can remain indifferent before the spectacle of life, which now seems so brutal, so cynical, so heartless; when we have closed up those lower, unreliable instruments of thought which we call feelings, and which have been rendered not only superfluous but harmful by the growth of our reflective organs."

Thus in his preface to "Miss Julia," just translated for the first time by Edward Bjorkman, does August Strindberg reveal the mainspring which sets in motion that malevolence which we noted recently in a consideration of a volume of his plays. Then, in order that he may not be misunderstood, he states his case over again on the next page, thus:

"Not long ago they reproached my tragedy 'The Father' with being too sad—just as if they wanted merry tragedies. Everybody is clamoring arrogantly for 'the joy of life,' and all theatrical managers are giving orders for farces, as if the joy of life consisted in being silly and picturing all human beings as so many sufferers from St. Vitus' dance or idiocy. I find the joy of life in its violent and cruel struggles, and my pleasure lies in knowing something and learning something."

It is but a step from the first proposition to the second. Certainly, if one thinks that feelings are "harmful" and "superfluous" it is only to be expected that he will find his joy in delving into the hopeless things of life, and picturing scenes which arouse in those who have not lost those "lower" faculties which he scorns, feelings of pessimism and despair. It is easy to see, from this viewpoint, why it is there is no intermediate stage for Strindberg between what is silly and what is simply cruel. Shut out the feelings from contemplation of the scenes and there is little difference in the actual content of the tragedy between a man who goes down fighting for freedom against the stolid army of conventionality, and the man who hurls the last, few worthless fragments of a ruined life in a last, puerile effort to batter down the wall of nature's uncompromising retribution. Yet here is the difference between tragedy and sewer-grubbing, the difference between Ibsen and Strindberg.

Strindberg loathed silliness—abhorred the ridiculous. So he went to the other extreme and became malevolent. He failed, utterly, to realize that between these two lay that great realm in which the feelings form the motive power of human life. We lack a word to describe just the impression that is left upon us by a great tragedy. After reading "An Enemy of the People" one cannot feel sad over the prospect of Dr. Stockmann sacrificing his life in an attempt to awaken public conscience. Neither can one feel happy. There is an element of inspiration, something of exaltation, but certainly it is not related to silliness, and it is equally removed from the Strindberg quality of despair. If Ibsen has taught anything, it is that happiness lies not merely in having comfortable surroundings, conventional pleasures, well furnished homes and outwardly congenial circumstances in general. Happiness is an inward thing as closely related to tears as to laughter, and the highest happiness often is found in the greatest tragedy. Would the man who has greatly dared and grandly failed, look back over his struggles and exchange one memory for the transient joy of the wastrel millionaire? These are things beyond the Strindberg vision, because they enter the realm of the feelings—the emotions if you will.

Yet it is not for the sake of the pain itself that one is impressed with the greater sense of enjoyment in contemplating a great tragedy, than in regarding a meaningless farce. It is because the highest qualities of the human race are not developed by running with the wind, by drifting with the stream. The pioneer dies under the feet of the mob, which immediately elects him a hero, and emulates him. If Strindberg had been a man of feeling he would have seen this, but all that he realized was that impulse to fight. So he fights, blindly, without method or hope, just for the sake of fighting. Being governed by the reflective faculties alone, his characters are always selfish. Consistent disciple of Nietzsche that he is, he finds the function of the race is to kill off the weak, instead of having the strong redeem them. So Strindberg swings his flails, and with consummate dramatic art, creates one of the gloomiest pages in literature.

Having stated his philosophy of the drama, Strindberg discusses at considerable length the technique of the stage itself, and here his supremely developed faculties of observation assert themselves. No student of the drama and no one who pretends to criti-

cize dramatic performances can afford to ignore this brilliant summary of the faults of the modern stage.

In this little volume there are two of Strindberg's most notable plays, "Miss Julia" and "The Stronger." Each is in one act, the latter being a monologue with an extra character as a foil. Neither is new to America, but Bjorkman possesses a somewhat finer touch in translating than others who have introduced the works of this grim Swede, and in fact the title "Miss Julia" itself, substituted for the misleading "Countess Julie," brings one to the piece with a better chance of understanding what it is all about.

Julia is the daughter of a minor nobleman. She has rather vulgar tastes, and delights to join in the festivities of the servants. Her father's valet, Jean, is typical of the superior servant, ambitious and selfish. Julia, impelled by curiosity, by her own physical condition, by the spirit of midsummer eve, and by force of circumstances, throws herself into the valet's arms. This places their relations on a different footing. A few moments previously this scene had taken place:

JULIA. Et vous voulez parler francais! Where did you learn it?

JEAN. In Switzerland, while I worked as sommelier in one of the big hotels at Lucerne.

JULIA. But you look like a real gentleman in your frock coat! Charming!

JEAN. You flatter me.

JULIA (offended). Flatter—you!

JEAN. My natural modesty does not allow me to believe that you could be paying compliments to one like me, and so I dare to assume that you are exaggerating, or, as we call it, flattering.

JULIA. Where did you learn to use your words like that? You must have been to the theater a good deal?

JEAN. My father was a cotter on the county attorney's property right by here, and I can recall seeing you as a child, although you, of course, didn't notice me.

JULIA. No, really!

JEAN. Yes, and I remember one time in particular—but of that I can't speak.

JULIA. Oh, yes, do! Why—just for once.

JEAN. No, really, I cannot do it now. Another time, perhaps.

JULIA. Another time is no time. Is it as bad as that?

JEAN. It isn't bad, but it comes a little hard. Look at that one! (Points to Christine, the cook, who has fallen asleep on a chair by the stove.)

JULIA. She'll make a pleasant wife. And perhaps she snores, too.

JEAN. No she doesn't, but she talks in her sleep.

JULIA (cynically). How do you know?

JEAN (insolently). I have heard it.

(Pause, during which they study each other.)

JULIA. Why don't you sit down?

JEAN. It wouldn't be proper, in your presence.

JULIA. But if I order you to do it?

JEAN. Then I obey.

So throughout several pages of what is commonplace chat on the surface, but which photographically shows the relationship to be that of a capricious mistress, trying to bait a servant, who is cleverer than she. Jean never allows the menial attitude to leave him. He says "we" in speaking of servants in general, although he allows it to be seen plainly that he considers himself far above his fellows of kitchen and stable and intellectually the equal or superior of his employers. Yet he does not cringe, and deftly he turns a neat phrase or sentiment now and then to attract the admiration of the woman. Contrast this with the attitude of the man who has once gained possession:

JULIA. Do you mean to say that you believe in God?

JEAN. Of course, I do. And I go to church every other Sunday. Frankly speaking, now I am tired of all this, and now I am going to bed.

JULIA. So! And you think that will be enough for me? Do you know what you owe a woman that you have spoiled?

JEAN (takes out his purse and throws a silver coin on the table). You're welcome! I don't want to be in anybody's debt.

JULIA (pretending not to notice the insult). Do you know what the law provides—

JEAN. Unfortunately, the law provides no punishment for a woman who seduces a man.

JULIA (as before). Can you think of any escape except by our going abroad and getting married, and then getting a divorce?

JEAN. Suppose I refuse to enter into this mesalliance?

JULIA. Mesalliance—

JEAN. Yes, for me. You see I have better ancestry than you, for nobody in our family was ever guilty of arson.

JULIA. How do you know?

JEAN. Well, nothing is known to the contrary, for we keep no pedigrees—except in the police bureau. But I have read about your pedigree in

a book that was lying on the drawing-room table. Do you know who was your first ancestor? I have no such ancestry. I have none at all, but I can become an ancestor myself.

JULIA. That's what I get for unburdening my heart to one not worthy of it; for sacrificing my family's honor—

JEAN. Dishonor! Well, that was what I told you? You shouldn't drink, for then you talk. And you must not talk!

JULIA. Oh, how I regret what I have done! How I regret it! If at least you loved me!

JEAN. For the last time: what do you mean? Am I to weep? Am I to jump over your whip? Am I to kiss you, and lure you down to Lake Como for three weeks and so on? What am I to do? What do you expect? This is getting to be rather painful! But that's what comes from getting mixed up with women.

There is much more of the same. The girl accuses herself and then upbraids the man. He is calm and callous, but realizing that it would be ruin for his part in the night's doings to be discovered, he coolly hands her his razor and orders her to go out and commit suicide, which she does. Technically, this is one of the finest pieces of dramatic literature in the modern classics. In a single act the tragedy is developed from its irresponsible, faltering beginning to its relentless close. Yet in this one act, and without many long speeches, you receive a complete picture of the entire life history of each of the leading characters. The thing which Strindberg started out to do, he did perfectly. But of what odds to us is this sordid story of a dishonest and cruel servant and a weak and degenerate mistress? There is no principle involved but the ever-present one of Strindberg's that the weak must die and decadent families must make way for new blood. While the two talk incessantly of their aspirations, their reflections upon their past lives, and so on, neither is capable of throwing new light on the world-old problem, and Strindberg is thoroughly consistent throughout their conversations. Neither has an inspired moment—it is all sordid, hopeless, dismal.

Of somewhat brighter aspect is the little fragment, "The Stronger," only six pages long, but galvanic. To summarize, or attempt to give an idea of its contents, is impossible. Ibsen would have used it for the scenario of a five-cent play. One woman sits at a table, another talks to her, and a drama develops before the eyes of those who have the necessary keenness of vision—a drama of a woman who realizes that it would be folly for her to cast away what she possesses, simply because it was coveted, and partly grasped by another. It is distinctly different from most of the Strindberg ideas, in that a human soul rises superior to circumstance, and evil does not prevail.

After all, the real tragedy of Strindberg, is Strindberg. Possessing a keenness of instinct for the dramatic which is unparalleled probably in any other writer of plays, ancient or modern, and the ability to place tersely and photographically before his audience the thing he has in mind, what heights of greatness could he not have reached if he had possessed the broad humanitarianism of Ibsen, the sympathetic vision of Galsworthy, or the earnestness and singleness of purpose of the German school? There are few literary works that the connoisseur can study with such keen delight in their icy perfection as these morbid plays. Combined with a perfect lucidity and simplicity of style, freedom from the purely discursive, and directness of attack, there is incessant action, in the highest sense of action, which means not merely a succession of "excursions and alarms," but the clash of motives and forces in any form. But until "we have become so developed that we can remain indifferent before the spectacle of life" and have "closed up those lower, unreliable instruments of thought which we call feelings" it will be impossible to place Strindberg in the list of the great masters of literature, for the master of literature must first be a master of life. Until such time he can be regarded only as a gargantuan freak.

Former Banker Morse, who was released from federal prison, on a pardon, because he was practically a dead man, has acquired wonderful rejuvenating powers outside penitentiary walls. That he was playing possum was hinted at when the doctors were testifying so assiduously in his behalf. Now, the suspicions take on a more emphatic hue, especially since the recovered banker has returned to Wall street at the head of a securities corporation.

Justice Goff appears to be the right judge in the right place. He has denied all motions of Lieut. Becker's counsel for delays and ordering the court clerk to enter a plea of not guilty set the date of the police officer's trial for murder September 10. This is

RHEIMS AND ITS POINTS OF ATTRACTION

I FINALLY managed to shake off the idiot boy with his staring eyes at Rheims. I was bound for the Hotel Lion d'Or,—the Golden Lion Inn.—so called, no doubt, from an ancient sign board. But there was nothing ancient or inn-like about this modern caravansary. At the station I found an elegant motor-bus to carry passengers to the hotel, one of the finest auto-buses, though not new, that I have seen anywhere, all beautifully finished in the inside with light wood and with little shallow closets around the roof, reminding me of the cabin of a small yacht. While sitting in the bus at the station, waiting, I suppose, to see if any other passengers would come for the hotel, I was greatly amused in watching the stream of people pouring out of the waiting-room. The water pipe leading from the gutter on the edge of the station roof was evidently stopped up and the rain water was dripping slowly but steadily onto the platform, making a large, round wet spot which, I should think, anyone would have seen, the pavement elsewhere being perfectly dry. But one after another these passengers came out and walked right under the dripping water, only to jump back and look up in the utmost astonishment to see where the water came from. Quite a number looked up just in time to get a good big drop right in their faces. Funny, wasn't it? You would think they would look where they are going. Must be a very absent minded lot for sure.

I found the hotel dining-room on the porch of the inner court, a raised porch covered to its entire length and width by a large awning. It gave the impression of eating in the open air, as most tents do, but was probably less airy than would be a dining room with the windows open;—most tents are less airy than ordinary rooms when the windows are open despite the common opinion to the contrary. I sat down at a vacant table and a waiter immediately rushed up to know if I would like a bifteck! Do all Americans eat bifteck when they arrive at a French hotel? Or did the waiter imagine that he was airing his English by the use of that one Frenchified English word? Goodness only knows, but his silly question reminded me of a good story told me by a friend who had been told it by a friend of a friend of the man to whom it happened,—(so I cannot vouch for its truth.)

I think it was in a hotel or restaurant in Dresden where an American, a hungry one, no doubt, asked if they had beef steak. "O, yes!" said the waiter. "We have two kinds: embalmed and fresh from the cow!"

As I ate the rain began again and this time in earnest, a regular downpour, and I never in my life welcomed rain with such mixed feelings. On the one hand I was grateful for it. For was I not lugging around uselessly my overcoat and umbrella? One hates to have these things when the sun is shining and it is nice and warm and summery. On the other hand, the rain would be rather a bother if I wanted to do any sight-seeing. In fact, in the end, that, and the beauty of the cathedral, prevented me from doing any sight-seeing.

* * *

Baedeker says there are several things worth seeing in Rheims besides the cathedral, especially the great wine cellars where the bottles of champagne are stored. But they did not particularly attract me and when I got through with the cathedral I wandered slowly down to the station, through very pretty old streets and a fine park. The cathedral here is said to be one of the finest in Europe, and one of the reasons given for this is that it has escaped restoration better than most others. And I thoroughly approve this reasoning. The modern man, and especially the architect who does restorations, is a vandal. Boiling oil is the proper bath for him, only he ought to be made to take it, by way of prevention, before he has a chance to try his hand at the restoration of anything, be it church, picture or other art work!

Yes, this cathedral is indeed splendid, not alone in its perfect simplicity, but in its reflection of the mediaeval mind and of the difficulties under which these great old builders worked. There is restoration now going on with the left tower and I climbed up to view it, but, so far as I could see, it consisted merely in placing supports where there was sign of cracking or sinking. There is a whole peal of beautiful old bells standing on one of the platforms on the tower, taken down from their hangings no doubt because the tower would not stand their weight. One very large bell still hangs, but workman told me they dared not ring it except by striking it with a hammer. To swing it might bring down the whole tower.

Under the guidance of several teachers, a lot of school children were up in the tower. They were being shown the wonders of the place by an old janitor, and the lies he did tell them! I stood there for two or three minutes taking in the truly magnificent view and listening to the man's silly chatter, and then beat a hasty retreat. It was too much even for

me. A perfect example it was of the result of repeating the same story over and over again. With each repetition it grows a little until finally nobody knows the truth of it, least of all the teller, who no doubt originally had it pretty nearly straight.

* * *

Rheims seems to be a flourishing town, I mean, of course, in the European sense. None of these towns has that appearance of hustle that any little American village possesses to so marked a degree. But, so far as interest for the stranger goes, Rheims does not compare with Chartres, the other cathedral town close to Paris. There is not the same quaintness about it. The streets are wider and not so tortuous, and it lacks that air of antiquity which is the real wealth of these old towns, for it is that, and only that, which really attracts the American. Germany is realizing this wonderfully well, and most of the German cities have made laws compelling proprietors who tear down their old buildings to rebuild them in imitation of the old style. And in instances this is so well done that it almost impossible to tell the new from the old. Why has not Southern California done the same thing so as to preserve its Spanish air?

This reminds me of an old fellow I once met, a South-German peasant, who had immigrated to Chicago in his youth, made a lot of money, and was, as he told me, on his way back to his native town to rebuild it. That was his expression. He was going to teach those stupid peasants how to do things American style. He was a man of no education whatever, and he could see no side of life but the utility side. To him all other things were dross indeed. I thought to floor him by asking him why he thought Americans were so anxious to visit Europe with its old monuments, its quaint old buildings, its churches, and the rest of it. "Why," he said, "they come here to spend their money." And that was all that could be expected from him on this subject. That was certainly what he came to Europe for. To spend his money. To show his wealth where he had once been poor. It must be a very pleasant feeling to come back to the old town where you had once been the poorest of the poor and lord it over the people who were once your superiors.

But just think how destructive such a man with such opinions must be to the only real value that Europe possesses: its antiquity! The vandalism of the restoring architect would be nothing to it. Fortunately, these people never come back to stay. They all talk like my friend from Chicago, but, once they see the old town, once they encounter the slowness and lack of decision and initiative of the native, they pull up and hurry back to America. That has happened over and over again within my limited knowledge. I have heard these people say that, when they have children born in America, no amount of persuasion can make these children like the old country. They think everything about it is simply hateful, vile, inexpressible, and their one desire, even if they are quite young, is to get back home again. I don't blame them. It is quite a different proposition for us who come over here to live for a longer or shorter time without any ties to hold us here and free to return when we will, and these little Americans who instinctively fear to be transplanted.

* * *

The trip from Rheims to Paris is much more interesting than that from Paris to Chalons. Both of them follow the same line part way, near Paris, but then there is a branching. When I left Rheims it had clouded over again and was raining vociferously. I put my overcoat and umbrella up in the rack with a sigh of complete contentment and smuggled down next to an open window, drinking in the odor of fresh, moist green things, and watching the landscape whiz by—the most delicious of moving pictures.

First, we pass along near a wonderful canal. A broad, deep canal, built up high above the level of the plain and lined on both its banks by rows of splendid shade trees. There were many boats on it, moving slowly and smoothly on their way, contented, respectable and public-spirited. Then we delect a little and gradually this line of trees fades away in the dim distance, hid by a curtain of rain and mist. The setting sun peeps out between the clouds far off on the distant horizon, and gives us a magnificent double rainbow.

We pass lines of dripping woods and rain-soaked fields and soon come to a narrow little river which winds in and out between the low hills and seems to provide water for a tiny little canal, a canal so narrow that I find myself wondering how even the smallest of canal boats can pass each other. The ground here is little cultivated, I know not why, but there are many little villages, all of them old, old, old! We even pass several ruins, one of them evidently the arch of an ancient church, and farther on we pass the wall of what appears to be a fortified town, but such funny, little inefficient fortifications that one thinks they could only have been put there for their picturesqueness.

There is no stop between Rheims and Paris, and

in what seems a very short time we come in sight of the city. Nothing could be lovelier than the Sacre-Coeur, standing on the summit of the hill of Montmartre, its pure white turrets tinted pink by the last rays of the setting sun and softened by the rose colored rain-mist. Beyond it, far in the distance, the Eiffel Tower sticks up its point like a beacon above the city. And then we enter the city and run into the deep cutting with its many bridges and tunnels which takes us below the streets and into the heart of the great metropolis. And so my day is done.

FRANK PATTERSON.

Paris, August 13, 1912.

STRAY THOUGHTS BY B. C. T.

MORE and more as I reread Hawthorne I am convinced that he was not a novelist, at least along the same lines pursued by Bulwer and Dickens, Dumas, Sue and Cooper. He seems to have been a dweller in the shadowy realms of the ideal, a searcher into hidden mysteries which lie far back in the recesses of souls and baffle the shrewdest quest of philosopher and theologian. All who have read "Twice Told Tales," "Scarlet Letter," "House of the Seven Gables" and "Marble Faun" will agree with me, I think, that Hawthorne, while a romancer, was not a novelist. In none of the works I have mentioned is there the proper proportion of dramatic personae, nor the looked-for admixture of stirring incident, agreeable love-making, and a well-defined and well-carried-out plot. He employed no fixed rule—only the soliloquies of a thoughtful, silent man who dwelt apart from his fellows; among them, but not of them. But he had no rival in his sphere nor has he ever an imitator. Most all his personages were made of glass; their hearts were laid bare, and he exposed the motives and springs of every action; his sarcasm was seldom stronger than a smile of pity tinted with contempt, and yet he threw across it occasional rays of redeeming light. But the "Scarlet Letter" overflows with strange power and the gloomy elements of the puritanical New England of two hundred years ago; the influences of a harsh, ungenerous creed, the struggles of remorse, and the inflexible purpose of revenge and there was blended a group that really existed then, but has passed away forever. The "House of the Seven Gables" is an altogether different story, and parts of it make the flesh crawl; but the Hawthorne method is unmistakable. The "Marble Faun" is a prose poem, which more nearly represents the spirit of those associations which hang like an electric cloud above "the soil grown weary of glory" than any book in our language save "Childe Harold." It is Rome and Italy seen through the halo of the past and drawn down to our comprehension by golden links of present reality.

Now, while Hawthorne was a master no one would care to read any of his books a second time. But who could not travel with Thackeray a dozen times through his "Yellowplush Papers," his "Pendennis" and his—greatest of all efforts—"Vanity Fair?" Thackeray photographed the snobs and other polite humbugs and presented without blemish the manners of English society of the nineteenth century. We see his characters in the dressing-room and at the table, at the theater and at church, on the street and at the club. We hear them talk and learn of the latest gossip also; their views upon the affairs of humanity, their own social creed, their estimates of the successes and failures of others, what they are laboring for, and what they fear to lose and hope to gain. Thackeray was a subtle anatomist and he cut sheer through the crust of etiquette and revealed the roots of things. In very many respects Thackeray was the prince of satirists, but his satire was seldom rugged, and never cruel like that of Swift.

* * *

But the greatest of all novelists and the superior of all other delineators of character—high and low, rich and poor, good and bad—was Dickens, whose writings are well known to the mass of English and American mankind. His portraits are all sharp and distinct; many of his characters are real and many are myths; but the originals of a majority of the latter exist somewhere, and not a day passes that we do not recognize a trait depicted in the words and actions of the inhabitants of all countries. Dickens bequeathed more imperishable characters than all the English and American novelists aggregated; but if he had only left Copperfield, or Dombey, Chuzzlewit or Tapley, instead of scores of others, a single one would have been a sufficient guarantee of immortality. Ten of thousands of his readers still weep and laugh all through a single chapter. Dickens always praised what was worthy of praise and denounced mean and ignoble motives with sturdy, honest hatred. Bulwer and Goldsmith, Read and Collins, Cooper and James and Paulding all created interesting characters, but few of them linger in the memory. We remember "Rip Van Winkle," but associate the late Joe Jefferson with the character more than with Irving, the creator. The stage, too, has

prolonged the lives of "Uncle Tom" and "Little Eva," "Eliza" and "Legree," while Mrs. Stowe's stirring book passed away with the civil war. It used to be said that more midnight oil had been burned over the "Count of Monte Cristo" than over any single book. Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame," Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," Sue's "Wandering Jew," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," and others of their class are marvelously entertaining and contain numbers of splendid characters, but these books are not now much read, and their characters are nearly all forgotten. Scott and Thackeray still hold high places, but Dickens occupies the throne.

GOTHAM SEASON IS WELL ADVANCED

NEW YORK'S season is well open. Several new productions have been tried, have been found wanting and have already moved on; a few are still in the trial stage, though as yet nothing of great importance has been presented. Two or three of last season's successes have returned to test the temper of the new one. "Bunty Pulls the String" has been running all summer with the company that will make the Western trip this fall. The original company now returns to the Comedy Theater for a few weeks before starting on the Eastern tour. "The Rose Maid" at the Globe, "A Missouri Widow" at the Ziegfeld Moulin Rouge, "The Pink Lady" at the Amsterdam, "The Siren" with Donald Brian at the Hudson are musical comedy holdovers playing limited engagements. "Officer 666" with George Nash and Douglas Fairbanks bids fair to hold its own again at the Gaiety, as do "Bought and Paid For" at the Playhouse, William Brady's new theater, and George Arliss in "Disraeli" at Wallack's. "Little Miss Brown" by Philip Bartholomae, author of "Overnight," Augustus Thomas' new comedy, "The Model" John Drew in Alfred Sutro's new comedy "The Perplexed Husband," "The Ne'er Do Well" will have their openings within the week. "Hanky Panky," "The Merry Countess," "The Girl from Montmartre" with Richard Carle and Hattie Williams, "Ready Money" and "The Master of the House" are still in the throes of finding themselves.

Los Angeles should be interested in "The Master of the House," for Florence Reed, one of its favorite stock actresses, is in the cast and making good. The story of "The Master of the House" is commonplace and trite. A master might take such old material and make it live with the touch of his master hand, but Edgar James with the help of a German source has not been able to supply the touch of genius. The action is concerned with the usual triangle—weak man, sad wife and lovely baby. The man is not young. He has two grown up children. He has been successful in business and has been fairly well satisfied with his life until his wife takes into the house an attractive, unscrupulous, mercenary young woman as companion. Florence Reed plays the character well, making the woman interesting enough to justify the husband's infatuation, yet suggesting always to the audience insincere and mercenary selfseeking and affectation of emotion assumed to fit the occasion. Both father and son fall in love with her. The outraged wife makes a scene and orders her from the house. The young woman, Bettina by name, promptly becomes engaged to the son, but when she learns that he will be disinherited if he marries her she throws him over and promptly transfers her attentions to the father. He tells his wife that she must consent to a divorce and promises to go away with Bettina.

Of course, to himself he bolsters up his weakness with the usual argument—he has the right to live his own life, the home atmosphere stifles him, he seeks the sympathy of a kindred spirit. Arguments that are pointed later when Bettina uses them to justify her own course when he tries to censor her list of visiting male friends. Of course, after the fizzle he has made with Bettina he must try to patch up things with his wife. The outcome of this will be far from pleasant in the end, but it is all there is to look forward to. If the play had more of illusion in it the actors would have scored more, but they did their best with the dramatic material at their disposal. Malcolm Williams as the husband played well and Helen Reimer, remembered for her excellent playing in "The Thunderbolt," contributes a bit of character work that is genuinely amusing.

New York, September 2, 1912. ANNE PAGE.

Champ Clark as a Sub

California is not to hear Governor Woodrow Wilson in the presidential campaign, although he was expected to make at least three speeches in this state before election day. Instead, Champ Clark is to represent the governor in this city and other California centers. Meantime, the Progressive National Committee is drawing on this field for oratorical talent, Lee C. Gates having been drafted to stump Ohio and other middle western states.



Bred in the Bone

That favorite saying of President David Starr Jordan of Stanford University, "like the seed is the harvest," was amply exemplified this week in connection with the monumental fire at Ocean Park, when William Curley, the twelve year old son of W. H. Curley, managing editor of the Evening Herald, by his quick thinking and action enabled that paper to score a distinctive photographic "scoop" on the other evening dailies. The Curleys have been passing the summer in a cottage at Venice. Tuesday afternoon young Curley saw the fire at Ocean Park, and it occurred to him that a photo might be valuable from a news viewpoint. He went to his cottage to get the family camera, but the family was away and the doors were locked. Trifles like these did not deter him, however, for he broke in a window, grabbed his kodak and ran to Ocean Park where he turned six films loose on the flaming buildings. The next thing was to get to Los Angeles. There were no cars in sight. He pleaded with a motorcyclist for a ride upon the handle bars and was accommodated. About half way into Los Angeles they passed a car, and young Curley decided to board it as a speedier means of transportation. From the Hill street station he darted to the Herald office, where the negative was rushed through the photographic and engraving departments with such celerity that by nine-thirty that night extras were on the street bearing on the front page a fine large picture of the burning buildings.

Swamped by a Soubrette

While it is commonly admitted in local sporting circles that large sums of money were lost by backers of Joe Rivers in his Labor Day fight with Mandot, which resulted in a decision by Referee Charley Eytan at the end of the twentieth round, there has been much speculation as to the cause of Rivers' poor showing. The Times Pink sheet came out with a story with an interrogatory heading as to whether the little Mexican had been intoxicated the night before the battle. In local theatrical circles, however, they have a different version of the cause of his downfall, reading much like a certain well known Biblical story, in which is a pugilistic Samson, and a historic Delilah, who was formerly a soubrette in one of the better known musical comedy houses of the city.

Gala Event in San Francisco

Many Los Angelans are planning to go to San Francisco next month to attend the naval review which is to be held there October 12 and for several days following. In that week the naval forces of the United States are to be mobilized and reviewed simultaneously at New York, San Francisco, and Manila. I understand that New York, of course, will have the greatest representation as more than one hundred and twenty ships are to be assembled there. San Francisco will be second and Manila third, although the exact number of vessels to be seen on this coast has not yet been determined. It will be a gala week in San Francisco, and I hear it is to be another one of those occasions when the lid is to be allowed the least bit of a lift. Special committees are at work arranging for the entertainment of the numerous officers and seamen and government officials that are bound to be present, and the northern city will be decked out in her gayest attire.

"Pop" Fischer's Irascibility

I hear that the Lyceum is another of the regular theaters soon to join the ranks of film displayers. It is current rumor that "Pop" Fischer has lost a tidy little sum of money on his investment, particularly on the "three a day" shows that followed the closing of the Follies company. "Pop's" experience reminds me of a story that is told about the Teutonic manager when business was bad at his old First street house. Naturally, Herr Fischer was in a bad humor. One morning the property man came to the front of the box office window and asked for twenty-five cents for stage equipment needed for the new show to go on that night. It irritated the manager. "You are always wanting money," he said; "here you

come asking for two bits. It's always something new. Always money that you want. Do you think I am made of money?" This aroused the ire of the property man. "Well, if you don't care to pay for it I'll buy it out of my own pocket," he retorted; "we have to have it, and if you can't afford it, I'll get it." This hit Fischer in a sore spot. He slid off his seat, dipped his hands in the money drawer and flung out two handfuls of nickels and dimes, exclaiming, "You think I'm stingy, do you? Take that! That's what I care for money." And the chickenfeed rolled in every direction over the tiled floor.

Not a Soulless Corporation

Skeptics who are fond of remarking that "corporations have no souls, but they have pocketbooks" are reminded that the Los Angeles street railway corporation has both, if we are to judge from the efforts it is making to make the lot of its employees more enjoyable. Next Sunday when the new \$250,000 car house at Fifty-fourth street and Arlington avenue is opened, a new \$40,000 club house adjoining this structure will be placed at the disposal of five hundred of the carmen on the southwestern division of the company's system. The club house is being finished in tile and plaster, and is attractive as well as useful. It was planned personally by Howard Huntington prior to his rest vacation. It will contain five hundred lockers, a library, gymnasium, shower baths, tubs, billiard and pool parlors, handball courts, boxing ring, and dance floor. It is rapidly nearing completion and is the first of five lounging places for the carmen that are to be erected in various parts of the city by the local street railway company.

Assault on Hugh Gibson

Hugh S. Gibson, secretary of the American legation in Havana, and recently assaulted by a Cuban, is a Los Angeles high school graduate. He was born in this city and for a time attended the university at Berkeley. He was sent from that institution to Paris to study diplomacy, and later filled diplomatic positions in London and Central America. He is regarded as one of the most capable men in the service and one of these days will probably be sent to an important post in Europe. No one seems to know the cause of the personal attack upon Mr. Gibson, but the next mails from Cuba should bring full details to his mother and friends in this city. His condition is not dangerous. Two Cuban editors have fought a duel because of the assault.

Put a Safety Lock on Francis

It is understood that Prof. J. H. Francis, superintendent of public schools, has received an offer to take a similar position in Cincinnati at a substantial salary. It is not believed that he will accept; were he to resign Los Angeles would suffer a great loss. The current Craftsman pays him a deserved tribute.

May Have a Presidio

Evidently, we are to have an army post commensurate with the standing of the city, to be located close to Los Angeles. According to Washington advices, the war department has determined that such an establishment must be provided. It is believed that in addition to an artillery post we are to have a Presidio for the use of cavalry and infantry. It is also thought that before completing present plans, the government will provide for the housing, between here and San Pedro, of a garrison of not to exceed twenty-five hundred men. Such an establishment would mean the expenditure of at least \$3,000,000 at once for land and equipment, with a pay roll of as much more every year, besides adding a desirable class to the city's permanent population.

Were a Trifle Previous

Authorities in the east are questioning the action of the police of Los Angeles in releasing John H. Hudson recently in local custody. In several eastern cities there are warrants out against Hudson on the charge of swindling. As will be recalled, he posed here as one of the circus Ringlings, and was discharged after about a week in jail. It now develops that John Ringling of Ringling Brothers had requested that Hudson be held here pending the former's arrival in order that the imposter might be prosecuted. The governor of Maryland also had leased and had put miles between himself and this more on a criminal charge. But Hudson was released and had put miles between himself and this city before a reward could be offered for his return.

Santa Fe's Ratification Meeting

Shareholders of the Santa Fe who will meet in annual session October 24, in Topeka, Kansas, will be asked to ratify the taking over by President Ripley and his associates of the California, Arizona and Santa Fe Railway Company, as well as Sunset Western Railway and the Sunset Railway. As part of the consideration the Santa Fe has finally transferred to the Southern Pacific the Sonora Railway and the

New Mexico and Arizona Railway Company. It was the latter property over which the two big competitors fought bitterly a few years ago. The Southern Pacific plans to complete within a year its lines along the west coast of Mexico, which will make tributary to Los Angeles a rich new empire that will have direct communication with this city.

Harry Brook's Impress

Evidently my friend, Harry Brook, for many years editor of the Care of the Body department of the Times Sunday Magazine supplement, now editor of Brain and Brawn, a breezy little journal of health and heartiness, exerted marked influence among his fellow workers in the cause of natural foods, before he left the Otis organ, for Paul P. Popenoe, at present a member of the Times local staff, has blossomed out this month with an article in the National Food Magazine exploiting the ahuate, often miscalled the alligator pear, as a future staple article of diet. Besides explaining the value of the ahuate as an every day edible he gives numerous recipes as to its preparation.

What a Happy Gathering

Gifford and Amos Pinchot, James A. Garfield, former Governor Pardee, Edward Stewart White, and Charles F. Holder will start Monday for a week's fishing trip at San Clemente. Mr. Garfield will visit with his mother in Pasadena before returning east, and all of the others intend to confer with Col. Roosevelt, who is due in Los Angeles September 16. Gifford Pinchot has been coming to Southern California for the Clemente Island fishing for several years. He was there when the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy broke out, which ended in his dismissal from office by direction of President Taft. I do not recall that Amos Pinchot has previously honored us.

City Club to Soar

After a month of sessionless inactivity, caused by the absence of many of its prominent members from the city, the hot weather, and the rush of Lincoln-Roosevelt politics, the City Club, that organization at whose weekly meetings theories soar unchecked, is to resume its Saturday luncheons at the Westminster hotel. Robert S. Fisher, of Phoenix, Arizona, a progressive candidate for congress from the new state, is billed as principal speaker. His topic is "The New Star in the West." A warm winter season of the club is expected on account of the coming campaign, and it is said that the Saturday afternoon sessions will be made a rostrum for more than one of the candidates for office at the November elections.

Check for a Million

There recently passed through the Clearing House one of the largest local checks in the financial history of Los Angeles. This voucher was the initial payment of \$1,000,000 made by the Los Angeles Investment Company for the lately-acquired Baldwin property located in the southwestern section of the city. The check was drawn by the Globe Savings Bank and was cleared through the Citizens National. Similar payments are to be made in the next three years until the entire amount of \$7,250,000 is liquidated.

Heney to Succeed Perkins

George C. Perkins' retirement from active politics is taken here to mean that he will be succeeded in the senate by Francis J. Heney, in the event that the next legislature is swayed by Governor Johnson. It is said that the Heney campaign is to be instituted immediately, and if Johnson has his way, Heney's name will be the only one considered.

Promotions Are Deserved

Harley W. Brundige has been selected by the owner of the Express and Tribune to act as assistant publisher of both papers, a well deserved promotion. It is understood that F. J. Carlisle, manager of the Express, has had the morning paper added to his jurisdiction. Messrs. Carlisle and Brundige have been confidential employees of Earl of longstanding and the growth of the Express is due largely to their efforts.

Flow of Soul Promised

More than two hundred of the more prominent members of the local lodge of Elks are planning to honor Past Exalted Ruler John E. Brink with an elaborate banquet to be held at Brink's cafe Thursday evening, September 19. The affair is to be tendered Mr. Brink in appreciation of his many years of untiring zeal and faithful services as an Elk. On the invitations that have been sent out it is featured as a testimonial dinner. It will be wholly informal and is to be tendered by lodge members and their wives, mothers, daughters, aunts, nieces and sweethearts. It is to begin at six-thirty. A committee on arrangements is at work and it promises to be one of the

unique banquets of the year. C. Fox Stamps is chairman of the committee. Other members are Henry S. Jones, Byron Erkenbrecher, C. G. Pyle, Tom J. Darmody, Dr. Ralph Hagan and B. Gordon. As it is to be a strictly informal affair, no list of after dinner speakers has been arranged. The only announcement made regarding this end of the dinner is that there will be "a feast of reason and flow of soul."

New Bidder for Publicity

Frank S. Manico, for several years general manager of "Irish Society," a club and social paper published at Dublin, Ireland, and well known in newspaper circles in the British Isles, arrived in Los Angeles this week to make his home here. Having heard of Los Angeles' fame as a city of publicity and advertising, which seems to have extended across the Atlantic, he has come to enter the lists here.

Zion's Head Coming

William Glenn Voliva, overseer of the Zion community, situated near Chicago, is to be in Los Angeles next month, accompanied by a party of eighteen. Dr. Dowie, who founded the Zion sect, visited here eight years ago, and delivered an address in Hazard's pavilion. About ten years before, the apostle had been a visitor on his way to Australia, where he began the movement which resulted in the founding of the Chicago community, over which he ruled with an iron hand until just before his death.

Putting Forth New "Feelers"

Now that Pomona is connected by trolley with Los Angeles, the Pacific Electric is turning toward the gap between that city and San Bernardino and, according to semi-official information, the latter town will have electric railway communication with this city by 1913. It is expected that Colton will be similarly equipped within twelve months.

Entitled to Clemency

It is probable that the Mexican revolutionists recently sentenced to eighteen months on McNeil's Island for violation of neutrality laws will be pardoned. Many people are signing petitions for clemency, and it is felt that these men have been sufficiently punished, their alleged crimes having been committed through patriotism.

Serenity Is Returning

News from Mexico is to the effect that the republic is gradually being restored to serenity—a direct contradiction of the tales floated by certain interests in Los Angeles. There has been more or less looting from the Otis-Chandler ranch on the border south of Imperial, to which fact is attributed the newspaper agitation for intervention which recently filled the columns of the Times. It is said that all demands made by the owners for intervention at Washington have been unheeded, in spite of political pressure exerted here and elsewhere.

Bank Mergers Rumored

Stories of bank consolidations are afloat in the financial district. The merger of at least two trust companies is predicted and the report that two national banks are to be united has caused a rise of stock in one of these concerns, the tilt being about \$60 a share.

Amende Honorable to an Author

Louis Joseph Vance, author of "The Band Box," writes me from New York that he has a grievance and I guess he has. A review of his book, which appeared in The Graphic, August 10, contained what the irate Mr. Vance characterizes as "the following false and libellous statement:"

Moreover, the business of the jewel bag which the actress produces with a hole cut in it, and which is shown to be unlocked all the time, is appropriated, unless one is mistaken, from a story that appeared in a popular weekly periodical.

Because the reviewer of the story rather flippantly added "That, however, is a trifling matter" the author is indignant and after reflecting on the mental caliber of the critic, calls my attention to the enormity of the crime. Personally, I sympathize with Mr. Vance and agree with him that the reviewer's faulty memory was probably to blame, since the story appeared originally in serial form in Munsey's Magazine. I cheerfully apologize for the blunder. Mistakes will occur in the best regulated publications. It was probably an oversight of Mr. Vance that he omitted to thank me for the compliment paid him and his talents in general in the same review he resents in spots.

"Billy" Kent will oppose Curry in the Third congressional district as an independent candidate and William E. Smythe of San Diego will try to take away the honors in the Eleventh from S. C. Evans. Both independents are exceptionally fine men.

GRAPHICALITIES

Mrs. Mae Copley Raum, candidate for mayor of San Diego, says that bachelors are responsible for race-suicide. In the same way, we assume, that pins have saved millions of lives—by reason of not having been swallowed.

Senator Works will not come home this summer, between terms. His former associates don't like his frankness in regard to electoral vote stealing and they have made it plain that he is persona non grata. He will rest from congressional duties at eastern watering resorts.

Comptroller Prendergast of New York seems to have fallen outside the breastworks at the Syracuse state convention of the Progressives. He was a candidate for governor and if Roosevelt had insisted might have been named. This much was due Prendergast in view of his herculean labors at the Chicago Republican national convention, but the Colonel rather evaded the issue and the city comptroller withdrew from the race.

Pasadena's Democratic candidate for congress, Richard Blow, was defeated by Thomas H. Kirk, who will be recalled as the Democratic candidate for state superintendent of public instruction two years ago. He is a fine speaker, and a man of high intellectual attainments. He lives in South Pasadena and will make a brisk campaign against Bell.

The Last Reservation

Sullen and dull, in the September day,
On the bank of the river,
They waited the boat that should bear them away
From their poor homes forever.

For progress strides on, and the order had gone
To these wards of the nation;
"Give us land and more room," was the cry, "and
move on
To the next reservation."

With her babe, she looked back at her home 'neath
the trees
From which they were driven,
Where the last camp-fire's smoke, borne out on the
breeze,
Rose slowly toward heaven.

Behind her, fair fields, and the forest and glade,
The home of her nation;
Around her, the gleam of the bayonet and blade
Of civilization.

Clasping close to her bosom the small dusky form
With tender caressing,
She bent down, on the cheek of her babe soft and
warm
A mother's kiss pressing.

A splash in the river—the column moves on
Close-guarded and narrow,
Noting as little the two that are gone
As the fall of a sparrow.

Only an Indian! Wretched, obscure,
To refinement a stranger,
And a babe that was born in a wigwam as poor
And rude as a manger.


Moved on—to make room for the growth in the West
Of a brave Christian nation,
Moved on—thank God, forever at rest
In the last reservation.

—WALTER LEARNED.

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Music

By W. Francis Gates

In the general outlines of the symphony programs for the coming season, just issued by Director Harley Hamilton, about one third of the compositions are by modern writers; of these only one is of the extremist school—Debussy. Beethoven is programmed twice, as, also, are Mendelssohn and Sibelius. All other composers on the list appear only once, as follows: Mozart, Tschaiakowsky, Debussy, Liszt; Schubert, Schumann, Weber, MacDowell, Coleridge, Taylor, Wagner, Goldmark, Herbert, Dvorak and Kaun. It will be noted that the usual Wagner program is not featured. That is all right. There is no reason for giving Wagner an entire program, any more than for giving one to Beethoven or Schumann. And it is just as well to hear more variety. Nor does Wagner need extra advertising, at this day. His music has ceased to be a novelty. We need Wagner in opera here more than Wagner in orchestra. What a treat it would be to hear the "Meistersinger" or his early "Rienzi."

As to symphonies, Mr. Hamilton's programs offer them in the following order: Tschaiakowsky's sixth, Beethoven's fifth, Schumann's fourth, Mendelssohn's third (Scotch), Goldmark's "Country Wedding," and Dvorak's "New World." It will be seen that nearly all of these come under the heading of romantic symphonies, consequently, more popular ones. This will suit the majority of concert attendants, though it does not offer a change of menu for the musicians. As a whole, the list is without novelties, and from certain quarters will draw criticism for that reason. But it must be said, on the other hand, that the number of persons who need to hear the standard and repeated work is much larger than the number whose taste for novelties would be appeased. It must be remembered that if Mr. Hamilton is to play novelties, he will have to be given not only sufficient funds with which to purchase the high-priced scores, but enough for fifty per cent more rehearsals. If the orchestra had the financial backing it ought to have—possibly a donation fund of from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year beyond its present income—I do not doubt that Mr. Hamilton would be the first one to advise a longer series of concerts and much more in the way of novelty. It is far easier to criticize a man for not doing a thing which costs \$5000 than it is to go down in your pocket and hand him that sum. The nub of the matter is simply this: Please don't shoot at the orchestra, it is doing its best. It will do a lot better when you give it the cash.

Right here would enter my good friend C. F. Edson, saying, "That's it; you have admitted that under present conditions the orchestra can not improve (which I haven't). Now, by my plan of a state orchestra we would have more concerts and twice as good ones." Yes, I will admit that Mr. Edson's plan, like many plans, is good. It is fine. It is splendid. There is only one objection to it. It is like a flying machine I made once—it wouldn't fly. If—I think we better put that in capitals—IF the state were to appropriate say \$50,000 and a series of fifty or sixty concerts were to return by ticket sales as much more. IF this were to happen, then a great uplift in orchestral matters might be in sight, provid-

ing that there were the right conductor engaged and the right business manager. The greatest good such concerts would do would be in the cities that now do not hear symphony orchestras. What a great thing it would be for San Diego and Stockton and Chico and Fresno to hear a \$125,000 orchestra in five or six concerts a year!

But there is about as much probability of the state appropriating \$50,000 or \$60,000 to further musical art as there is of the city council setting aside a liberal sum for public monuments and band concerts. There comes a day when we realize that our flying machines won't work. There is such a crying need for the material necessities of city development in Los Angeles and California that it is foolish to expect the aesthetic to come into its own, at present. Ride over Los Angeles streets and the majority of California roads; start a fire in your home and observe the kind of fire protection you get; inhale the clouds of dust from the streets; take a whiff of the decaying garbage at your doors—this, and then one realizes that the material condition of civic utilities needs the utmost cents and sense, at present. The aesthetic will come when we grow into it—when we deserve it by our control of the necessities of a city and by our personal education along these lines.

For instance, my home is in the center of the city and yet there is not a fire engine house within a mile. Houses have burned to the ground within a block because of lack of water. I cannot sit on my "front stoop" because of the overwhelming clouds of germ laden dust, the hospital and other odors at times are able-bodied and pernicious. These things mean lack of city facilities and regulation. Shall I, then, advocate turning what money the city can raise into concerts, rather than hose, firemen, sprinkling carts, street sweepers, garbage wagons and incinerators? Let us ask all there is any hope of getting, but within bounds. If the public wants concerts, let the public raise the money for them. There are many thousands of dollars in Los Angeles waiting to be enticed from private pocket-books for symphony concerts and popular concerts. But who will be the coaxers? If Brothers Edson and Behymer can't do it with all their gentle arts of vocal allurements, let the new voters get to work. Mrs. Edson and Mrs. Behymer are voting now.

Hitherto, the seats for the concerts of the Orpheus Club have been reserved for holders of supporting members' and complimentary tickets. This season, it has been determined to give the public a chance to hear the club, and a portion of the seats will be placed on sale for each concert. For years, the general public has been barred from entrance to local men's and women's club concerts.

Thos. T. Drill is planning to extend the membership of his chorus and to present a number of modern works through the season. His is the only large mixed chorus in the city and it has made an excellent beginning.

Last Saturday night, twenty-five or thirty musical and professional friends of F. H. Colby, organist of St. Vibiana's cathedral, gathered, on Mrs. Colby's invitation, at his home to celebrate his birthday. When Mr. Colby turned his latch-key on his return to his home,

the house being in darkness, he was greeted with a lusty male chorus. "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Hastily fumbling for the electric switch to investigate this collective and noisy kind of burglar, Mr. Colby soon became aware of the meaning of the tumult. There was presented to him by about thirty-five of his male admirers (females barred), as the fund would have been too large) a set of the latest edition of Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." From it was read by the spokesman a printed biography of Mr. Colby, set to match the type of the books and inserted at the proper alphabetical place. It ran as follows:

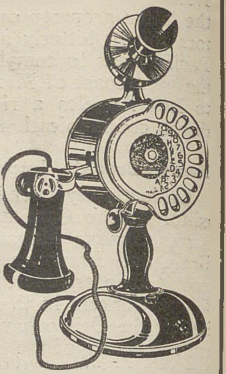
COLBY, FRANK H.—This musical prodigy had his origin between 18 and 60 years ago in the wilds of Wawautusa, Wisconsin, a village situated on the heart of Africa. He was discovered by his father shortly after his birth. His musical talents were discovered by the neighbors. After a strenuous youth he was imprisoned in the New England Conservatory-Reformatory, from which he emerged with a diploma and an unalterable hatred for the fair sex.

After walking to Mexico, in which country he achieved adventures which the linotype refuses to print, he continued on to Los Angeles where he is now (1912) in the height of his (infamous) career.

It is rumored that he has musical works packed down in chloride of lime until the series of Sunday concerts shall be given from the Owens river income. He also has achieved fame as a musical critic and it is currently rumored that the ink ribbon of his typewriter is alternately soaked in vitriol and honey.

Mr. Colby has achieved one son, one son-ata, also several compositions in print. In spite of this he is one of the most enjoyable members of the Los Angeles musical colony and counts his friends by scores and hundreds—"For he's a jolly good fellow" which no fool will deny.

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Aug. 8, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Joseph A. Anker, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on October 5, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11470, Serial No. 04033, for N½NW¼ Sec. 27, W¼SW¼, Section 22, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 17th day of September, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John H. Schumacher, of Escondido Canon, Cal.; Frank C. Prescott, Jr., of Los Angeles, Cal.; Edward Wickersham, of Los Angeles, Cal.; William D. Newell, of Corral Canon, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
0990 Not coal lands.
U. S. Land Office Los Angeles, Cal.,
Aug. 20, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Herman Hethke of Topanga, Cal., who, on August 26, 1908, made Homestead Entry, No. 0990, for NE¼, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 1st day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: James A. Craig, of Topanga, Cal.; John Heron, of Topanga, Cal.; Walter Stunt, of Calabasas, Cal.; George Persinger, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
092 Not coal lands.
August 26, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Fred E. Collins, of Calabasas, Cal., who, on January 4, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 092, for S½SE¼, Sec. 13, E½NE¼, Section 24, Township 1 N., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 7th day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. Claimant names as witnesses:

Earl G. Horton, Ray Horton, James G. Elliott, Marie Elliott, all of Calabasas, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.

Miscellaneous Exhibition—Steckel Gallery.

It has been my privilege in the last three months to direct attention to the work of a number of our most noteworthy painters by means of what we have termed "Little journeys to the homes of local painters." In spite of the fact that the East Aurora promoter has won for himself the distinction of being the only original conductor of artistic and literary excursions, and while I freely admit that my idea is a plagiarism, yet the end has justified the means. Before the opening of the fall exhibition season, when the reviewer must fall back upon his set terms and phrases and time-worn technicalities of the craft, it will be his pleasure to make a few more excursions along the pathway of art and visit the studio homes of Helena Dunlap, Frederick Melville DuMond, Raffaello Montalboddi, and Warren E. Rollins.

Last Thursday I made a "little journey" that was quite as delightful as it was unexpected. I have on numerous occasions directed attention to the work of pupils in the Art Students' League and have endeavored to make the public see what Mr. Slinkard is trying to do for the young men and women whose art future is in his hands to make or mar. The Graphic believes in Mr. Slinkard's art, and if I have failed to express myself in understandable terms regarding his work, I feel that my failures have been honest and sincere, hence of value, and that is more than can be said of many successes. I often visit the rooms of the Art League on North Main street and pass a profitable hour studying the sketches and studies upon the walls. Often have I heard of Mr. Slinkard's unique studio and the interesting things it contained. I had met a favored few who had been invited to this workshop and the stories they had to tell were most alluring. Fancy my pleasurable surprise when on this particular Thursday, just as I stepped from a Hill street car, Mr. Slinkard grasped my shoulder and said, "Am on my way to the studio. Got time to run out for a minute?" Of course, I had time.

If it were necessary for me to give this article a formal title, I should call it "The Impressions of a Pleasant Afternoon," for I did not go in an official capacity, nor do I intend at this time to write a critical review. I just enjoyed the great room and its tasteful arrangement, listened to good music, and looked at good prints and books, and a few of Mr. Slinkard's latest canvases. This studio is situated beyond the end of Lake street, over against an ungraded hill, where scraggly, unkempt eucalyptus trees wave their languid branches and tall, gaunt, oil derricks make checker boards out of the sky. Below, on one side, lies the city wreathed in smoke, and away on the other the valley stretches lazily westward to meet the hills. It is a big panorama and Mr. Slinkard realizes its value to a painter and has taken many fine sketches and color notes from it. The Slinkard studio is an immense room with a Dutch alcove ceiling supported by heavy beams and paneled in a peculiar, silver-bead fiber cloth. From a low wainscoting of brown the walls are covered with burlap in its natural coloring and door and window drapes of sapphire blue velvet complete a color scheme of great beauty. A deep

divan, several wicker chairs, a desk, and a few pieces of antique furniture complete the arrangement. A gold screen of rare design and magnificent color dominates the entire interior and lights the room with a warm golden-russet light that radiates like mellow sunlight. This screen is representative of the best of Japanese art and the secret of its peculiar influence upon the color of the objects about it is that the artist who wrought it knew the secret of mixing light and air with his golden paint. Just inside the studio entrance stands a second screen of blue satin embroidered in bamboo and here and there about the room are to be seen a few good Japanese prints.

Several fine prints from the works of Whistler, Manet, and Henri are also hung and last, but by no means least, I note five canvases by Mr. Slinkard. Two of these are life-sized portraits, two are head studies and one is a small landscape. All of these canvases are comparatively new and are representative of the artist's latest development. Few who have not followed this painter's work in the last two years will be able to realize the change that has been wrought or the value of his art to art. The two large portraits are by far the most finished of any of Mr. Slinkard's canvases. One is of a young Japanese in his native costume. I suppose this is called "Portrait of a Japanese," but I should call it "Portrait of the Japanese." It is so true to character that it might well stand for the race as a whole. Both the "Lady in the Black Shawl" and "The Japanese" are posed against that wonderful gold screen and to appreciate its paintable possibilities one must see these two portraits. I did not analyze these portraits critically, they looked right and when a picture does this I am always willing to take the technique for granted.

The Japanese is posed standing, his head and shoulders set forward and one foot slightly lifted. The effect is most startling for every minute you expect to see him step from the frame to greet you. The color is subdued in a powerful manner and the force of the handling is almost appalling. In studying these portraits one never thinks of paint, of technique, or of the hundred and one whys and wherefores of the craft. The woman in her black shawl, alert, alive, is full of the mystery of life. Blood is in her veins and the light of understanding in her darting eyes. Detail is suggested but not seen. Modeling is felt but not thrust upon the eye. The sensation of life is what counts in all of Slinkard's work and the outward mask is torn off. They who may find the effect rather brutal are the ones who never really know life anyway, so why bother about their likes or dislikes? There is about these two canvases a direction and simplicity that makes them absolutely baffling, for, strange as it may seem, the more simple the rendering the less we comprehend it, so complex have we become in our cramped conventional mental and moral development. How few can appreciate the art of the old Japanese masters as seen in the color prints? Yet here is the best example of absolute direction and perfect simplicity in art,—the kind that requires a master to produce. The two portraits under discussion will soon be sent to New York where they will be exhibited at the McDowell Club salon which will be held early in the fall. A group of two head studies and one landscape attracted my attention chiefly because

Gamut Club Entertains

"Ladies' Night" at the Gamut Club, Wednesday, was notable for the excellent musical and dramatic program that preceded the punch and informal dance. Miss May McDonald's sympathetic playing and technique were revealed in her piano selection "La Campanella" (Paganini-Lizst); her vocal numbers, excellently rendered, were "Rose in the Bud" (Forster), "Mother Machree" and "Ouvre tes yeux bleu" (Massenet). Miss Rowena Blimcoe attested her powers of mimicry in three or four humorous readings, the Southern darkey and French-English renditions prevailing. Miss Edith Pell sang in delightful form Liza Lehmann's "Waters of Lethe" and Needham's "In Blossom Time." Honors of the evening fell to Ralph Ginsberg, the young violin virtuoso whose two scheduled numbers, the "Album Blatt" of Wagner and "Souvenir de Moscow (Wienlawski)" had to be followed by four encore selections. He was accompanied on the piano by his younger sister Miss Sophie Ginsberg, as remarkable in her way as her talented brother. Mr. Anthony Carlson's vocal numbers, including "Pom der Reimer" (Carl Loewe), "Daheim" (Hugo Kaun) and "Mein Schatzlein" (Hugo Reger), showed splendid technical skill. Possessing a mellow bass which indicates careful training, the owner is handicapped by a lack of magnetic qualities which, doubtless, is a racial shortcoming. He was accompanied by Miss Edna Dryman. "The Tie That Binds," a one-act playlet by Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover, was interpreted by Miss Goldie Colwell and Mr. Victor Rottman. The curtain rises on a darkened room which lights up as the husband and wife, returning from a bridge party, make a wordy entrance. He is scolding his wife for her indifferent playing, her losses and her disregard for his feelings. She retorts in kind and the argument abruptly ceases when she informs him that she will end it all by applying for divorce. He appeals, frightened, but she is firm and he leaves her. It is then her turn to worry. In the midst of her cogitations she sees the figure of a burglar reflected in her mirror and screams. A cynical voice tells her to hurry up and hand over her jewels. She is compelled to do so at the point of a revolver, but demurs and pleads for one keepsake—his first gift. He takes that, too. Finally, her nerves give way and with a cry for her husband she falls in a faint on the lounge. Instantly, the burglar discards his mask, strips off his rough overcoat and discloses the husband in evening attire. Rushing into her boudoir he brings forth pungent smelling salts which she inhales and, reviving, casts herself into her husband's arms. She discovers her need of him and he of her. "The tie binds" in approved fashion. For a first rendition and all too-brief rehearsals the subtleties of the little drama were only partially delineated, but Miss Colwell gave a sympathetic rendering of the harried wife and nerve-racked victim of the supposed thief. Mr. Rottman allowed himself to be too hurried in his delivery, but was virile and natural. The playlet ought to prove a winner on the circuit. It has excellent possibilities. The dialogue is breezy and down-to-date socially, also with a nice blending of humor and clever cynicism. Mrs. Clover is sure to make her mark as a playwright. She has a fine sense of dramatic values combined with technical skill.

Fashion Show Better Than Ever

Wide recognition for the semi-annual fashion show has been awakened by the efforts of the local dry-goods merchants, who have worked in harmony for this result. This year the display will be more notable than ever as, urged by the successful example of the thirteen firms allied with the Retail Dry Goods Merchants Association, fully seventy-five other houses will join in the exhibit. Practically, all

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
02446 Not coal lands.
04043 August 28, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that George H. Melcher, of Topanga, Cal., who, on October 23, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 04043, and on April 16, 1908, for SE¼NW¼, E½SW¼, Section 6, Township 1 S., Range 16 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 8th day of October, 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m. Claimant names as witnesses:

C. C. Cheney, August Schmidt, J. H. Goebel, Mrs. Jack Wood, all of Topanga, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

business houses have put the posters in their windows, announcing the opening of the United Fashion Show, Sept. 19, to continue for three days. On that occasion every business house that caters to the needs of women in any way will endeavor to offer its particular wares in the most novel and attractive form. Railroads in the southern part of the state will give reduced rates, bringing in thousands of buyers from the outside. Hundreds of merchants from interior towns come here to watch the general trend of fashions before making their own purchases, as they declare they can make the wisest selections by waiting until Los Angeles women approve or reject a fashion.

Social & Personal

Miss Ada Seeley, whose marriage to Mr. Roy Bayly will take place Monday, has been the center of social gaiety this week. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday the bridal party enjoyed a stay at the Brant ranch at Calabasas, the hosts being Mr. Alfred Brant and Mr. Brant Elliott. Tuesday evening, Miss Ruth Larned of South Alvarado street entertained the same guests with a theater party at the Orpheum followed by supper at the Alexandria, where a basket of Cecile Brunner roses formed a centerpiece, and covers were marked with corsage bouquets and boutonnieres. Wednesday evening Miss Rhodes of 930 Park View avenue complimented Miss Seeley and Mr. Bayly with a dinner-dance at Beverly Hills Hotel. The table decorations were in yellow and green, a great yellow basket filled with roses and ferns forming the centerpiece. Yellow tulle roses added to the effect, and the candelabra shades were of yellow satin with gold-beaded fringe. Place cards were hand-painted rose-baskets, and there were unique bridal favors. Mrs. A. W. Rhodes assisted her daughter as hostess. A special guest was Miss Ruth Davis, a cousin of Miss Seeley's who is visiting here from Kansas City. Thursday afternoon Miss Florence Brown entertained with a matinee party in honor of the bride-elects, and Friday evening Mrs. George Warder Bayly, of West Twenty-eighth street complimented her son's fiancée with a dinner for the bridal party, the table decorations being in softly shaded asters. This evening Miss Seeley will entertain her bridesmaids and ushers at dinner, followed by a rehearsal. The wedding will take place Monday evening at Christ Episcopal church. Miss Mabel Seeley and Miss Helen Brant will be maids of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss May Rhodes, Miss Eva Bayly, Miss Florence Wachter and Miss Ruth Larned. Mr. Harold Bayly and Mr. Roland Seeley will attend the groom, and the ushers will be Mr. David Brant, Mr. Robert Peyton, Mr. Leo Smith and Mr. Lucian Cooke of Virginia. After a honeymoon trip, the bride and groom will occupy their new home at Eighth and New Hampshire.

Miss Katherine Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Johnson, Jr., of West Twenty-eighth street, entertained Wednesday evening with a dinner-dance, in honor of Miss Juliet Borden, whose marriage to Lieut. Irving Hall Mayfield will take place next month, and also in compliment to Mr. Robert L. Groves, who is about to return to college. Pink amaryllis and maiden-hair ferns formed beautiful decorations. Pink tulle ribbons and pin-shaded candelabra were also used, and gold monogrammed cards marked places for Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Miss Borden, Miss Johnson, Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Ruth Powell, Miss Conchita Sepulveda, Miss Marjorie Utley, Miss Virginia Walsh, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Florence Wood, Mrs. Harry Innes Borden, and the Messrs. Jack Somers, Robert Johnson, George Zimmer, Arden Day, Paul Bucklin, Roy Clark, Robert L. Groves, Jerry Powell, Erwin Widney and Stanley Smith.

Miss Alice Maurice FitzGerald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick FitzGerald of 110 West Twenty-third street, became the bride of Mr. Bernard Joseph Richard Tuesday morning, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Joseph Glass at St. Vincent's church. The bride wore an imported tailor suit of apricot shade, with

touches of gold lace, and her brown velvet hat was trimmed with a bird of paradise. She carried a white prayer book, with lilies of the valley. Her sister, Miss Irene FitzGerald, who served a maid of honor, wore a tailored suit of brown broadcloth, with a hat of yellow and orchid shades. She carried a muff of pale yellow roses. Mr. James McMillan of Victoria, B. C., acted as best man. After the ceremony breakfast was served to the immediate relatives at the home of the bride's parents. White roses and carnations decorated the house, and the bridal table had a beautiful centerpiece of the roses. Mr. and Mrs. Richards are enjoying a wedding trip through the north, and will reside in Los Angeles at its conclusion.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Cline and daughter, the Misses Alice and Constance Cline, are enjoying a visit with friends in San Francisco before sailing for their trip around the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Johnson and their daughters, the Misses Estelle and Dorothy, will leave soon for St. Louis, where they will meet Mrs. Johnson's mother, Mrs. H. S. Guiteau, who has been east for several months. Afterward they will travel to various places of interest, returning to Los Angeles about December.

Miss Elizabeth Hicks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks of West Adams street, has chosen October 23 as the date of her marriage to Lieut. Robert Frank Gross. Only relatives and intimate friends will witness the ceremony, which is to take place at the family home.

Miss Elaine Pujo of Louisiana, who has been the house guest of the Misses Ramsay, daughters of Mrs. William E. Ramsay of 2423 Western avenue, left Thursday for the east.

Mrs. Erwin A. McMillan and children, who have been the guests of Mrs. McMillan's mother, Mrs. J. S. Chapman of North Soto street, will leave Friday for Idaho to visit her husband's mother, Mrs. David McMillan. She has been the guest of honor at several informal affairs since her coming.

Miss Ruth Larned, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Larned of South Alvarado street, will leave Tuesday evening for Vancouver, B. C., where she will be the guest of Mrs. C. Stanford Fisher for a month. Mrs. Fisher will be remembered here as Miss Ruth Douglas, who visited Miss Larned at the time of the latter's debut, about two years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sartori and daughter, Miss Juliet Boileau, who have been enjoying a trip through Europe, are expected home at the end of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Patton and Miss Anita Patton of San Gabriel, who have been abroad for several months, are in New York, en route for home.

Miss Rae Belle Morlan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Morlan of 967 Manhattan place, will join the bevy of autumn brides, and will be married to Mr. Stanley Augustus Visel about the middle of October. Mr. Visel, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus J. Visel, is an attorney here.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Bergin, who have been at Lake Tahoe for the summer, have stopped at San Francisco en route to their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Salisbury—the latter was formerly Miss Lois Cham-

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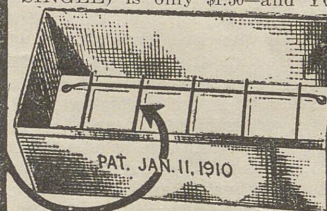
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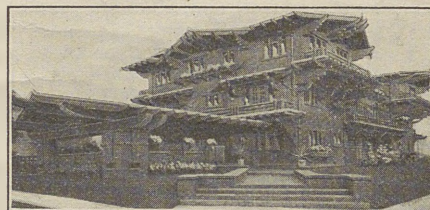


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berlain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Chamberlain—have taken a house at 179 Oxford street. Mr. and Mrs. Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain are now enjoying an outing at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Cora Foy, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Remington Olmsted who is living at Santa Monica, returned early in the week to the Foy home at San Rafael Heights.

Dr. C. B. Hardy, Dr. T. C. Hardy, Mr. William Patterson, Mr. O. Robe, Mrs. E. F. Sheets, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Townsend, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott will leave September 17 for a tour of Tahiti, New Zealand, South Sea Islands, Australia and Honolulu, under the direction of D. F. Robertson of the steamship department of the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank. Mr. J. J. Haggerty will leave September 20 on a record-breaking trip to Europe, planning to travel 17,470 miles in twenty-eight days.

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The GRAPHIC



MRS. ALBERT CRUTCHER
[Wife of the well-known attorney.]

[Photo by Hemenway.]

Dear Marie: Thursday afternoon, Florence Brown gave one of the most unique affairs in the social history of Los Angeles. The unusual feature of the tea and box party was that it was given in honor of nine brides-elect. Just think of it, out of twenty-six guests nine have announced their willingness to change their names for better or worse!

Following is the list of the complimented guests: Clarisse Stevens, Marie Bobrick, Barbara Burkhalter, Olive Trask, Marjorie Utley, Ada Seeley, Nita German, Norah Forthman and Hildegard Payne. Of these, three have announced their wedding days. Clarisse is to be married October 29 at St. John's, to Eltinge Brown. Marie Bobrick has chosen October 30 for her wedding day, but has not decided yet whether she will be married at home or in the church.

The event of next week is Ada's wedding. It is to occur at Christ church. I should think she would be tired out. Since the announcement of her wedding day her friends have lavished entertainments on her. One day a luncheon followed by a card party, the next a tea perhaps followed by a dinner, then a week end excursion into the country.

I believe I like Jennie Crocker's idea the best. She refused everything the last two weeks, devoting herself entirely to her fiancée. She informed her friends that upon her return from her honeymoon she would be glad to accept any attentions proffered. It is only a different point of view.

But, really, Marie, I never heard of such a number of engagements at one time. The latest to startle society was that of Paul Rowan to Miss Watkins. He is a dandy boy and we are all glad to hear of his happiness. I wonder when P. D. will settle down, but "quien sabe?"

The wedding of Anita Mathis to young Mitchell, which will occur week after next, will be the third in the long list of marriages scheduled to take place this winter. It looks as if the girls will have to hold a convention and allot dates so there shall be no conflict.

I hear that Elizabeth Hicks has returned from her visit to her aunt in San Francisco and it has been decided that her wedding will also be in October.

We are all wondering if the Players' Club is to take the place of the assemblies or not? Last season the fancy dress ball at the Alexandria was the swellest affair of the winter.

I am crazy about fancy dress affairs any way. I wish some one would give an Oriental dance here. Mrs. Templeton Crocker gave one at the St. Francis last year and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt entertained in the same manner last month at Beaulieu, Newport, as you know. The most elaborate one was given in Paris about a month ago by the Countess of Something—I can't remember her name. The pictures of the guests in

costume were published in one of the French magazines and were the most elaborate and beautiful that I have ever seen.

Marie, you who are so fond of Oriental furnishings should have been with me the other day. I dropped in for tennis and tea at Mrs. Brodrick's on South Figueroa. After playing a set or two with Miss Lucy we adjourned to the drawing room which is the only room of its kind that does not remind me of a Japanese store. The walls are hung with priceless tapestries and the furniture is almost entirely of teak wood. There may be more costly rooms in the city, but I doubt if there is one that is more inviting.

Society matrons have seemed to take a back seat for the last month or so, but with the opening of the season Mrs. Garland, Mrs. Miner, Mrs. Bryant, Mrs. Earl and others will take their accustomed places.

The Bannings are still at the island and will remain at least until the opening of the schools. Week end parties either to Joe's or Hancock's are so frequent that it is hard to keep track of the girls and boys.

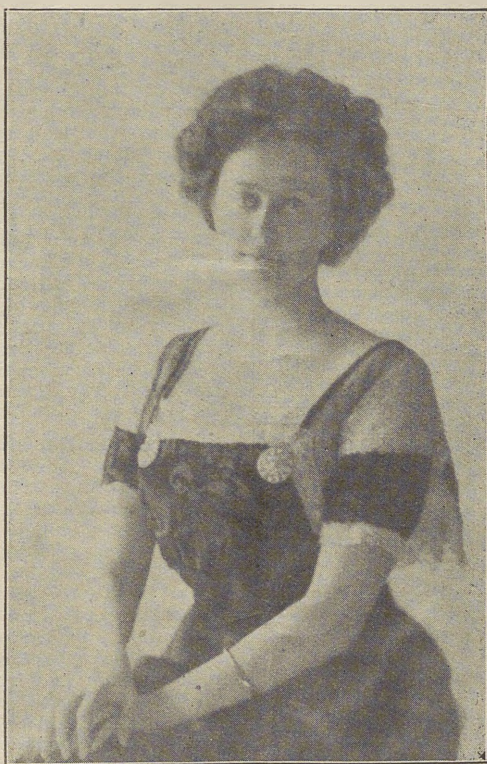
O, Marie, I heard such a good story on one of the members of the Bachelors' Club. He is very popular with the girls, but is not growing any younger. A dear old lady, a friend of the family, was chiding him for not marrying, and I consider his answer quite astute: "As I grow older I become more critical and less desirable." Of course, no one agrees with him, but don't you think it clever?

Another member of that selfsame club answered the same question as follows: "The girls of to-day are getting too particular." Both men are confirmed bachelors.

Next week begins the golf tournament at Del Monte. The greatest good of this tournament is that it brings together the society of the Bay City and of the South. With this exception there is no mutual stamping ground.

It is a strange but peculiar state of affairs that there is very little intimacy between members of the "400" of San Francisco and Los Angeles. I can name on my two hands members of Los Angeles society who if they should drop into San Francisco would be entertained and feted by the members of society of the northern city and vice versa.

The golf tournaments at Del Monte, the polo at Coronado, are helping to draw them nearer and



MRS. WILLIAM MAY GARLAND
[Who has recently returned from Santa Barbara.]

[Photo by Hana Robinson.]



MRS. WILLIAM J. BRODRICK
[Who is one of Los Angeles' most popular hostesses.]

[Photo by Steckel.]

the popularity of Santa Barbara with the northern contingency is also an aid in breaking down the barriers.

The Woman's Athletic Club seems to be assured. A committee of prominent women has taken it in hand and before long I hope to announce to you that ground has been broken for it. Of course, if the L. A. A. C. should decide to open the club to women within a week it would seem superfluous, although, personally, I would rather we built our own. If successful, it will be an achievement for the women of Los Angeles.

I met Mrs. Crutcher at the club one day last week and she informed me that Mr. and Mrs. Rodman would soon be home. This winter will find the majority of society in town and if we can manage a few dates between the different weddings we should have a very gay winter.

Mrs. Earl confided to me that the Players' Club would be very active and with the assistance of Mrs. John P. Jones who is now living in town she expected to announce its program for the winter in the near future.

Tuesday was election day and lots of our women voted. Since the biennial we are beginning to appreciate the privilege of voting. When we read of the "awful" struggle the women of England are having to gain what the men of California gave us willingly we are proud of our fathers, brothers and sweethearts. It seems almost impossible that they should force women to such excesses that would cause them to break the laws.


It didn't matter much whether I voted or not since I voted the straight Wilson ticket, but I was so proud to think we had such a grand candidate that I voted early. To be absolutely free you must come to California. Again I say I think we should congratulate ourselves on the men of California.

Well, dear, it is late and I am due at Redondo Beach tomorrow, so will close with love to your mother and yourself. Yours,


Miss Marie Livingston,
Casino, Newport, R. I.

To Look Up His Investments

W. R. Hearst, who has been in Europe with Guy B. Barham and other friends, is to be in Los Angeles before the end of October. He has been advised to make certain landed investments in this section, and on the prompting of local agents has placed in this field a large sum in cash. He is one of the owners of the Beal ranch, lately acquired by Harry Chandler and associates. It is understood that while the Evening Herald still shows a deficit, before the end of the year it is hoped to break even. The Express remains a good money earner, but is reported to be losing a part of its revenue.



Cheaters



By Caroline Reynolds

Margaret Mayo's farce-comedy, "Baby Mine," is one of the laugh-producers of the century, and although it has been seen here before at the Majestic, it still sends a gale of mirth through the house. This year's production is better than that of last season because little Marguerite Clark, as winsome a leading woman as ever tripped across a stage, is playing her original role of Zoie, the young wife who regards truth as a plaything. Marguerite Clark can be described only by that much-abused adjective "cute." She is little and dainty, pretty as a doll, and so well suited to her part that one suspects the playwright of fitting the role to her requirements. Long playing of the character has made her somewhat careless—for instance, she seldom looks at the person to whom she addresses her dialogue; and she openly examines herself in a mirror at every opportunity. But the only thing to detract from her winsomeness is a little mannerism of patting her face and hair with a pretty little hand. Her childish, rounded face is too attractive to be hidden even by her fingers. Ernest Glendinning, well known as a former Belasco player, has the role of Alfred, the young husband, who is driven from home by his wife's dalliance with the truth, and is summoned back by the tidings that he is a father; and after being presented with triplets is stupefied by the news that the story is all a hoax, that the babies have been borrowed, bought and stolen, just to get him back home to Zoie. Glendinning is admirably suited to his part; and he and Miss Clark are only rivaled by James Bliss, another Los Angeles favorite, who has the part of Jimmy, the fat friend, who assists Zoie in her deception. The minor roles are merely fillers. The dolls used as children are perfect in their likeness to tiny babies, and add to the general hilarity. The stage-settings are so soiled and battered, and Zoie's boudoir looks as if it needed a visit from the decorator, as the bloom of walls and furnishings is anything but fresh.

"John Ganton" at the Belasco

Hartley Manners has no cause to be proud of "The Great John Ganton," for there is little in it to interest even the average theatergoer. Most of the action takes place off stage; there is a clutter and a clatter through all the acts that prevent clarity in dialogue or construction; the characterization seems careless; therefore, all the actors appear to be more or less negative. The Belasco company is hampered by the mediocrity of the play, but when it learns its lines, it will give it a value to which its own merits do not entitle it. Thomas MacLarnie is curiously uneven in his picture of John Ganton. As the "boss," the man of big things, MacLarnie is better than his part; but in seeking to picture the illness of a great man he whimpers—which is undignified, and totally at variance with the character; for although John Ganton might be childish in illness—as most men are—he would never whine. Furthermore, Mr. MacLarnie's tendency to grasp his right side persuades the audiences that John Ganton is suffering from appendicitis, which doesn't strike seriously in these days when no one is admitted to hotel veranda society unless his appendix reposes in a jar of alcohol. Robert Ober is a boyishly pleasing Will Ganton—hardly a big enough man for the part, however, to suit the lines of the play. As Larry Delaney, the gentlemanly

villain, Howard Scott is charming and sincere, and William Wolbert's drawing of Allan Borlan is one of his best things. Mr. Wolbert is improving in his conception of straight parts, and his voice is handled more pleasingly. There is an unusually fine bit of character acting on the part of Donald Bowles, who plays Browning, the confidential clerk of Ganton. Its only discrepancy is the aged make-up employed, making Browning look older than his senior, when he was supposed to be but a yearling when John Ganton first began his establishment. Muriel Starr lends vivacity and sweetness to the role of May Keating, and her big scene will be capital when she learns her lines. Florence Oberle is not so successful as the notorious Mrs. Jack—she has a trifle too much accent; she makes Mrs. Jack look "fast" rather than "gay." A scene portraying the golf club veranda is well done, but the interior of John Ganton's home is hideous. Even a pork packer, if he had a son and daughter surrounded by the best things of life, would not live in such a room.

Orpheum Holdovers Lead

This week's Orpheum bill depends largely upon its holdovers for success. Madame Bertha Kalich is easily the star of the program—and of many programs—and, strangely enough, she is vociferously appreciated. Chick Sale's clever work in his protean school entertainment is even better this week than last, as he seems more at ease—surer of himself and his audiences; and Pauline Moran, for an indefinable reason, exits in a whirlwind of applause. William Burr and Daphne Hope are the stars of the newcomers. They have a picturesque setting—a stage hung with dead black—the only light a scarlet lamp; the man in the conventional black and white of evening attire, and the woman in a scarlet—and revealing gown. Mr. Burr is more entertaining than his companion; but both players seem to have missed an opportunity. Their background is too good to be forgotten in mediocrity. W. H. St. James is starred in "A Chip of the Old Block," a sketch of dreary drivel, without an honest laugh in it, and badly played by every character. Usually one redeeming virtue can be discovered in such an offering—but James and his sketch are hopeless. Kathi Gultini is a deft juggler—but theatergoers are blase as regards juggling acts. The moving pictures and photographs offered in Martin Johnson's travelogue are interesting to an unusual degree, showing a portion of the scenes and a number of the people encountered in Jack London's famous cruise of the "Snark," on which Mr. Johnson accompanied the author. However, Mr. Johnson has not acquired the art of public speaking, and his explanations could be dispensed with, without regret. Lydia Nelson and her dancers, holdovers, should be muzzled, but their toes may twinkle as much as they please, for their dancing is excellent, even though their singing is execrable.

Offerings for Next Week

Richard Bennett will begin his farewell week with the Burbank company Sunday afternoon in an elaborate revival of Edgar Selwyn's successful play of the great northwest, "Pierre of the Plains." It was not originally intended that Mr. Bennett should appear in this production, but the hundreds of requests that have come to Manager Morosco's office from Burbank patrons have made it necessary. Mr. Bennett, of course, will have the role of Pierre,

gambler and adventurer, and in Mr. Bennett's hands this character is one of the most picturesque and appealing on the stage. The revival of Pierre will be elaborate in detail and will furnish a series of striking stage pictures. Miss Mabel Morrison will also make her last appearance with the Burbank company for this season. "Pierre of the Plains" is scheduled for one week only, after which Laurette Taylor will make her appearance in a limited engagement. Although it is not definitely announced, Miss Taylor probably will be seen in Hartley Manners' new play, "Barbaraza," which was crowded out by the long run of "Peg o' My Heart."

Monday night the Belasco company will offer George Ade's famous comedy success, "Just Out of College." This is perhaps Mr. Ade's most popular college comedy and is particularly well suited to the talents of the Belasco company. It is brimful of fun, with plenty of Ade's famous slang. It concerns the efforts of young Edward Worthington Swinger to establish himself in business after a lively career in college. The first scene is laid in the pickle factory of Septimus Pickering, the second is a pure-food exposition, and the final act is the waiting room of the Union Station. Robert Ober, who is a talented light comedian, will have the leading role of young Swinger, James K. Applebee will play Pickering, the pickle magnate, Howard Scott will be seen as Prof. H. Dalrymple Bliss, Donald Bowles will play "Slivers" Mason; Muriel Starr will have the role of Caroline Pickering, and other favorites will be well cast. Following "Just Out of College," Orrin Johnson and Marguerite Leslie will begin their joint starring engagement at the Belasco theater in Charles Klein's best play, "The Gamblers," a tale of love and finance.

Another big star will top the Orpheum bill the week opening Monday matinee, Sept. 9. This time it is W. C. Fields, known as the "silent humorist," who is a skillful juggler in addition to being a comedian of unusual talent. W. C. Fields was ordered to appear at the recent special-command performance of King George in London, but had to decline because of his engagements with the circuit. Another fun-maker is Mrs. Gene Hughes, who with a selected company will offer, "Youth Is Youth," in which Mrs. Hughes impersonates an ever-young grandmother who rejuvenates her daughter and granddaughter by transforming them from frumps to fashionables. Charley Case, the man who talks about his father, is third on the list

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

United States Land Office,
Los Angeles, California, Aug. 23, 1912.
Notice is hereby given, that township plat of fractional section 31, Township 2 North, Range 12 West, S. B. M., has been received and will be filed in the United States Land Office, Los Angeles, California, situate in Room 510, Federal Building, on Friday, October 4, 1912, 9:00 a.m., that on and after said date, the Register and Receiver of said office will be prepared to receive applications for entry of lands in said township, providing settlement was made thereon prior to December 20, 1892, the date of proclamation placing said township in the Forest Reserve.

Frac. Sec. 31, Township 2 North, Range 12 West, S. B. M.

Any application sworn to or filed prior to October 4, 1912, will not be considered.

FRANK BUREN, Register
O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

of laugh-producers. Case is a prime favorite with the Orpheum, and has not been here for several seasons. The Bradshaw Brothers, comedy acrobats, are last on the list of newcomers, with many new tricks and lots of fun. With W. H. St. James and his players, Burr & Hope, Kathi Cultini and the Martin Johnson travelogue the bill is almost entirely one of mirth.

In compliment to the visiting G. A. R. contingent which will throng the city all next week, martial music will be featured by the performers at the cabaret show at Brink's cafe next week, ranging from the old-fashioned fife-and-drum tunes to George M. Cohan's concoctions. Three full cabaret shows will be given every night, starting at six o'clock and lasting until midnight. Miss Helen D'Arche, who plays both saxophone and violin with equal skill, comes from the northern cabaret to headline next week's bill. In addition, there are new musical acts which will not be announced as Amusement Manager Harold Moore desires to retain them as a surprise. Miss Mina Stralee will be featured for another week, Happy Anna Robinson remains to sing syncopated airs, and Miss Emilie Gardiner, soprano, and Wilbur Russ, tenor, will hold over. The cabaret performers will have appropriate G. A. R. costumes, while the cafe is to be draped in red, white and blue.

Motion pictures are in high favor just at present, particularly those dealing with unusual sights. For this

reason the Majestic's program should be exceedingly popular the coming week, as the Paul J. Rainey African Hunt pictures are to be featured at that house. There will be two exhibitions daily, afternoons at 2:30, evenings at 8:30. These pictures, which are said to be truly marvelous, represent a year of effort and the expenditure of a quarter of a million dollars. An expedition of three hundred and fifty men passed a year in the African jungles, facing death from fever and wild beasts in order to get the pictures. Mr. Rainey, who is a millionaire sportsman from Cleveland, Ohio, undertook his big game hunt at first from the point of sport, but he was the first African big game hunter to provide that the scenes through which he passed should be preserved through the medium of motion pictures, colored slides and lecturer. Whenever a hunt was undertaken or a dangerous trip into the jungles essayed, the intrepid camera men were in the front. The native tribes, the strange scenes and wild animals are all shown, providing a thrilling as well as an instructive exhibit.

At the Mason Opera house the Alaska-Siberian motion pictures will be seen for their last week; this time with no return engagement in view. Their exhibition here has been highly successful. The pictures are of unusual value, and the public has not been slow to appreciate the fact, as is shown by the large attendance. The last week begins Monday night, and they will positively be taken off after the performance Saturday evening, Sept. 14.

Tuesday afternoon is to be "Duffield Day," as in the afternoon the theatrical folk of the city will unite in proffering a testimonial to Harry Duffield, veteran actor and one of the favorite players of the city. It is in the nature of a celebration of Mr. Duffield's fiftieth anniversary on the stage and an exceptional program has been provided. The affair is to take place in the Burbank theater. The drill team of the B. P. O. E. will make an appearance, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bennett will appear in a one-act sketch; there will be other sketches, comedy turns, dancing turns, songs, and a mysterious act in which Harry Mestayer will offer a number of the latest song hits, assisted by a "Beauty Doll" chorus—the identity of the dolls being kept a deep, dark secret. All of the stage favorites will appear, and the demand for seats shows that the public is anxious to see its idols disport themselves in a good cause.

Immature Actress in the Making

SHE is a very little girl and she belongs to the stage by right of birth, inheritance and passionate love. Mother and father were stage people and Maxine (she was given the pretty name because mother and father had one day been struck dumb and worshipped by the beauty and success of Maxine Elliott) has grown up behind the scenes. A tiny baby, she was brought to the theater to lie asleep in the big theatrical trunk while mother and father did their "turn." She drew into her little being love of the profession with the milk she drank; for every night before mother began to dress, baby was fed in regulation fashion. But one night she laid the foundation for future stardom by delaying the rise of the curtain to the point of managerial despair. The stock piece this night required a baby and this mite had been assigned to the role. Possibly, excitement, or fatigue worked on her poor little mind to such an extent that she fell asleep before her accustomed hour without partaking of her usual refreshments. Mother was playing a character part and she proceeded to put on an old gray wig and line her face for the old hag's role, ready for the opening scene. Baby woke, demanded her supper, and mother proceeded to quiet her vociferous

cries after the old approved fashion, but baby refused to accept the offered repast.

* * *

With all her seven months' vocal power she protested. The orchestra struck up the overture, mother pleaded, the leading lady looked in upon the shrieking, kicking youngster that she must hold to her heart in the third act. Mother's eyes flashed with a desire to spank, but the little lady yelled on. A happy thought struck some one—perhaps she did not like her mother's new character. It was Monday night and she had not seen the make-up before. The wig was slipped off, the cries stopped like magic and a smile rippled across her face—but only for a second, for they were reversed with added vigor. But the trouble had been diagnosed. The frantic search for pins was stopped and the make-up was removed from mother's face. With a sigh of content baby fell to, ate her supper and resumed her interrupted nap. What matter if a whole theater full of people had been kept waiting, and what matter if mother had to go to the trouble of making up over again—the temper of the child was safe for the big scene. This was the first appearance—and the only time to my knowledge that her temperament overcame her—and she has temperament aplenty as, one day, Broadway will perceive. So long as her mother and father played in stock she was the customary stage child and she played many tiny characters, growing in knowledge and love of the art with each one. Then mother and father went on the road, Maxine traveling with them, but there was no part in the play for her.

It was at one of the rehearsals that I met her. Father was playing the part of an old man overjoyed at the return of a son whom he believed dead. Maxine was following the rehearsal breathlessly. All of a sudden I heard her voice ring out, "Papa, he isn't up there. He's down here. Look in his eyes, papa!" It was a just criticism. The older actor had for a moment lost his sense of team play and had focussed his eyes at a point in the wings entirely above the head of the son he was welcoming home. And so it happened with the whole company. She knew every line in the play. She never missed a performance. Even when she was ill and mother thought she would be better in bed she pleaded so pitifully that she was allowed to come behind and glue her eyes to her own particular peek-hole, there following breathlessly the action and repeating the lines with a curiously faithful reproduction of the actor's tone and mannerisms.

"What is the curtain of the third act, Maxine?" I asked her one day. Quick as a flash she drew herself up to a military position, made a salute with an imaginary sword and in the deepest tone she could command said: "I congratulate Miss Pikney on her scrat agy." "Bing! Bing! Curtain!" relapsing suddenly from high-flown actor to practical stage hand. A dear little creature she is, ready to help always, never in the way, with a quick witted seizing of a situation that makes her do the needed thing before a grown-up realizes the necessity for action. Many a time at a word she is able to supply a forgotten property when to stop for explanation will mean a stage wait that would spoil a scene. Her intuition never fails. I asked her father a few months ago if he were going to permit her to become an actress. "I can't help it," he replied. "She is one already." But mother and father have wisely decided that future success means present study and conservation of strength, and she is now living a normal life at home, going to school and awaiting the time when she can stand on the foundation that has been so well laid and hold her own with the big ones.

ANNE PAGE.



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Books

Even without Hadji Husain, the clever but unreliable Moslem courier "with an oily voice and disgusting hair which was hidden only in part by an unpleasant green turban," "The Goodly Fellowship" would be interesting reading, because the pictures of certain phases of life in Persia which Rachel Capen Schaffler has drawn are vivid and true to the country. But this impression is more in "atmosphere" than in actual description since the story centers chiefly about an idyllic romance in which the Hadji is the heavy villain. The curtain rises upon a setting before a Persian guest house or "khan," with Miss Jean Stuart, the "Khanum with the Head of the Rising Sun," a beautiful American girl traveling through Persia unattended by any one of her own people, engaged in a dispute with her native courier about continuing on the way from Kazu to Muramna. The "khanum" prevails and the caravan moves along, but by another road than that appointed, and the young woman all but falls a victim to the evil passions of the tricky Hadji, in a dangerous mountain pass. A knight on a black horse comes riding by and rescues the fair though rather foolish maiden. With this melodramatic scene which promises much in the way of bloodcurdling adventure and gives no hint of the really good but simple tale that is to follow, the action becomes less lurid, but more realistic and comfortable. Miss Stuart, because of unsettled conditions in the country, is compelled to remain for six months among a noble group of American missionaries. To occupy her time she becomes a teacher and although not religiously inclined forms many warm and lasting friendships. Unexpectedly, she is given the opportunity of promoting the cause of civilization and Christianity in a most practical manner, and becomes one of the principals in a rather extraordinary romance. Thorley Prescott is one of the most delightfully human yet idealistic heroes imaginable, his only inconsistency being in rushing forth to be killed by his Persian enemy, at the prospect of not getting just what he wants when he wants it. But that which makes the book most worth while is its portrayal of the people and their customs and the devotion and unselfish efforts of the missionaries for the betterment of the poor and ignorant in that oldest and sleepiest spot on earth—Persia. Books of travel tell of the conditions among these peoples in and about the Black Sea, how they live and what is being done for them. But here are the pictures, with all the pleasant and loveliest relations of life introduced, and emphasized as well, in the home life of the Lawrences, in the tender ministrations of Dr. MacColl, the "hekim" or doctor, in the work of the college, in the industrial experiment of the irrigation station and the pipe factory which the genius of Thorley conceived and the money and good will of Miss Stuart put into operation, in the beautiful life and the tragic death of Dan Lawrence and the numerous homely incidents of import to the "fellowship" of missionaries and their beneficiaries. Not a brilliant book stylistically nor in conception, but a bright and vivacious descriptive narrative. ("The Goodly Fellowship." By Rachel Capen Schaffler. The Macmillan Co.)

"Fairy Tales From Many Lands"

"Fairy Tales From Many Lands" is the title of a collection of fifteen stories

for children from the folk lore of as many nations. They are taken from the Serbian, American Indian, Zanzibarian, Hindoo, Cossack, Roman, Italian, Japanese, Scotch, Norse, Turkish, Creole, English, Irish and French, and the pleasure of the book is that there is a distinctive coloring to each one, which gives a touch of variety lacking in most collections of fairy tales, in which but one nationality is represented. The discriminating child who reads these stories will receive a series of valuable impressions of national traits which makes the book more than simply a piece of entertaining fiction. Katharine Pyle, the talented sister of the famous artist, Howard Pyle, collected the stories, and has embellished the text with a large number of sketches, the technique of which shows signs of being influenced by her brother's example. The art of writing fairy stories seems to have been lost in the development of modern literature. Selma Lagerlof is one of the few writers of recent times who have been able to escape the banality of the precocious child, who seems to be regarded by the latter day writers as a necessary feature of children's stories. In Katharine Pyle's collection the infant heroic is delightfully missing, and in his place are beautiful princesses and brave princes who experience adventures which have just the right flavor of unreality and mysticism. In addition to being fairy tales, however, they are distinct literary acquisitions. ("Fairy Tales From Many Lands." Collected and illustrated by Katharine Pyle. E. P. Dutton & Co.)

Magazines for the Month

Stanford is well represented—and fitly so—in *Sunset*—the Pacific Monthly's current issue. Charles K. Field, the editor, is a Stanford "grad," as is Miss Edith Ronald Mirrieles, who is represented with a short story, "Mr. Benson Finds Out," and Dane Coolidge who is responsible for a serial, "Sparrow Hawk," is also a Stanford man. Other contributions are "Unlocking British Columbia," by Walter V. Woehlke, "The Dream of the Centuries," a Panama canal disquisition by George Palmer Putnam, "Sharpshooters," by William Hamilton Osborne, "A Rubber-Tired Cruise on Vancouver Island," Hugh Johnson's "De Lancey's Luck," "A Crab's Eye View," by Lowell Hardy, "A Battle of the Wild," by Walter S. Kerr, "To Each His Own," by Lily A. Long, "The Forest Theater at Carmel," by Michael Williams, Western Personalities, verse and departments.

September Century is another fiction number, with well known names figuring in the index. The stories include "A Pitcher Full of Cream," by L. Frank Tooker, "When He Came Home," by Freeman Tilden, "Monsieur Vidocq Steps Up," by John S. Reed, "Keeping Up with Dan'l Webster," by Irving Bacheller, "Children of the Alhambra," by Helen Churchill Candee, "The Story of a Simple and a Simpler Soul," by Vaughan Kester, "The White Pagoda," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, and William J. Locke's serial, "Stella Maris." Lillie Hamilton French has "The Enchanting Forest of Compiègne," John Wolcott Adams is interesting in "The Hard-Cider Campaign of 1840," John Burroughs writes of "Holidays in Hawaii," Edward Arthur Fath of the Mount Wilson Observatory has "The Story of the Spirals," Robert Winthrop

Chanler's mural decorations are reproduced, and current topics are discussed.

In the Craftsman for September Eloise Roorbach gives survey of Los Angeles' public school system—or, rather, Professor J. H. Francis' idea of developing character and personality in children. Another school disquisition is "Lincoln Memorial School," by Raymond Riordan, and T. Gilbert Perasons writes, "What Our Schoolchildren Can Do to Help Save Our Birds." Barry Parker continues his "Modern Country Homes in England" series, Jeanne Bertrand tells of John S. A. Monks, "America's Painter of Sheep," Julian Burroughs continues his recollections of his famous father, John Burroughs, and there are the usual craftsmen departments.

J. W. Muller has a novel of primitive force in this month's Lippincott's, entitled "The Ranch of the Blue Sea." It is passionately written, but is disappointing in its anti-climax. Marie Van Vorst has a short novelette dealing with her beloved Italy and called "Beautiful Sebastiana." W. S. Sample is interesting and amusing in "Life at West Point," and fiction includes "The Movable Feast," by Herbert Footner, "Sanctuary," by John Fleming Wilson, "Wooing Dorothea," by Jessie A. McGriff, "Seventy Times Seven," by Lizette Woodworth Reese, "In the Kingdom of 'Not-in-the-least-bit-like-it,'" by Kate Masterson, Anton Chekhov's masterpiece, "In Exile," there is a special article by La Salle Corbell Pickett, poems, comment, etc.

Notes From Bookland

With characteristic quietness, Mr. Buckle has announced his retirement from the editorship of the *London Times*. He is in his fifty-ninth year and has served twenty-eight odd years. The eldest son of the late canon of Wells Cathedral, he was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. After a most distinguished scholastic career he was called to the bar in 1880. Preferring journalism to the law, he joined the *Times* staff in 1880, and on the death of Cheney the Orientalist in 1884 succeeded him as editor of the paper. His first wife was a sister of James Payne, the novelist. During his editorship, covering the period of a generation, he has lived through many vicissitudes—political, social, national and journalistic. He has seen Germany rise to dominance, Japan attain rank among the nations, the democracy work its revolution in England, Ireland, despite the efforts of himself and his paper, reach the threshold of nationality, the air conquered, the press transformed, literature democratized.

Mrs. Avery Abbott, the author of "Captain Martha Mary," says that she began to know the children of the tenements at first hand through trying to teach a class of little girls in the Omaha slums how to sew. She found them shrewd, mischievous and uncannily discerning. They recognized the inexperience of the new teacher and they scented sport. With every lesson they grew more unmanageable, until a day's illness necessitated the teacher's absence from the class. Then these impish little girls became conscience-stricken and went to the superintendent with the confession that they "had not been good to teacher." They were afraid they had made her sick. When Mrs. Abbott returned, a sympathetic understanding was for the first time established.

Harry A. Franck, author of those popular travel books, "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," and "Four Months Afoot in Spain," is on his way afoot from Bogota to Quito. "You'd find it hard to realize," he writes in the last letter received from him in New York, "the rough shapes the old earth is bumped into down this way." Mr. Franck will stop for a time in Quito for work on his new book on Panama.

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Real Estate :: San Gabriel

News and Gossip Along Automobile Row

NEW COUNTY SPEED LAW DEMANDED

Transcontinental railroads in exploiting Southern California in eastern magazines dwell with emphasis upon the excellent opportunities for motoring. Railroad men are shrewd advertisers and they realize that the class of people who will come to California will be of those who will bring their motor cars, and who will enjoy cross country spins. They do not give publicity to the fact that any one traveling faster than twenty miles an hour in Los Angeles county is made a criminal and liable to fine and imprisonment under the present ordinance, but rumors regarding these conditions are gradually creeping back there, and unless changed there will be a noticeable dropping off in the influx of the wealthy class of tourists to California, which is one of the principal assets of this part of the country.

Here's a Good Graft—Among the latest freak innovations of the present municipal regime is an ordinance which Chief of Police Sebastian is urging the council to pass requiring all automobiles to be equipped with a lighting device that will enable the speed cops to tell at a glance how fast the machine is traveling. The apparatus will cost \$25, and if such an ordinance is approved it will be a nice little donation for the factory that controls the output, considering the number of automobiles in use in this city. The device is a series of three lights, red, green and white, fastened on the top of the hood. The lights are connected with batteries to be placed along with other mechanism in a box, to be sealed by the city sealer of weights and measures. When the auto travels ten miles or less the white light shows, twenty miles, the green light, and at twenty-five or over the red light. It will show in daylight as well as at night.

Clamping Down the Lid—Southern California autoists who venture as far east as the Arrowhead road to the mountains will have to "throw her into the low" in that region, for Ben De Crevecoeur has been appointed special deputy sheriff by Sheriff John C. Ralphs of San Bernardino county to keep tab on the speed of motor cars. It is said that much reckless driving has been done in that district where the roads are very dangerous, and that careless motorists not only imperil their own lives, but those of others. This is said to have caused the sudden clamping down of the lid.

Studebaker as a Life Saver—Local members of the Studebaker sales force have taken it as a decided compliment to the reliability of their car that W. L. Smith, of Bishop, California, has trusted his life five times to his Studebaker automobile by making that many trips to Lost Valley in the Mojave desert. The route traverses an arid waste where failure of the car's mechanism would mean almost certain and miserable death to its passengers.

Santa Barbara Progressing—Having been used with great success in Los Angeles and San Francisco, the motor baggage wagon is to invade Santa Barbara. One has been purchased by the Santa Barbara Transfer company, and is to be placed in immediate service. It is a Texas made car, and was bought to this city recently by Homer N. Duffy, manager of the company. Santa Barbara is at present "taxicabless," and many motor experts in that place believe the advent of the motor baggage wagon will be followed by the "taxi" with its relentless meter.

San Diego's Auto Row—Following the example of Los Angeles, San Diego is to have an automobile row, devoted

exclusively to the sale and care of motor cars. The news reached here this week, and several prominent local men are planning a trip south to coach the San Diegans as to how an auto row should be arranged. The innovation has been forced on San Diego motor car dealers because of high rents in the regular business districts, the auto merchants claim. The plan is still in a tentative state, and the location has not yet been decided upon. Several of the dealers are favoring east D street beyond Twentieth, while others like Second above A, or Ash.

Auto Hearses for Horses—Within a short time more than half a dozen auto hearses will be in use by the more exclusive undertaking establishments of Los Angeles, and at the ultra fashionable funeral homes will be strictly taboo. They have been popular in the east for some time, but have yet to invade this city. Coleman and Bentel (a local firm) are now making a body for the Boothe and Boylston Undertaking Company, and several other concerns are almost ready to sign contracts. Where a motor hearse is used it is considered bad taste to carry the mourners in anything else than motor cars. It is said that one funeral firm is planning to put ten autos in service.

Oakland's 1913 Model—Among the new arrivals expected at an early date along auto row is the 1913 Oakland. The six cylinder Oakland is to be known as "The Greyhound," and will be a speedy and snappy car. Among the innovations introduced in the new model is the lowering of the body and a discontinuance of the continuous running board along the side, this having been replaced by aluminum steps for the front and rear seats. A Deaco dynamo lighting and ignition system with air self-starters are other new features. The upholstery is luxurious, even extending to the door, which is going a step further than any other car.

On an Auto Vacation—C. L. Leppo, manager of the Los Angeles branch of the Kissel Kar Motor company, and E. S. Skinner, a local auto enthusiast, have been enjoying, in company with their families, a pleasant motor vacation in Kissel Kars. They have been touring Southern California from San Diego to Big Bear Valley, and have been living close to nature. Camp equipment, with bakeovens, was carried in each car so that hotel bills were nil. The party arrived home this week, and Leppo declares that an auto vacation is the only kind.

No Webfoot Traveler—George Webb, a Los Angeles automobile fan, is expected to arrive in Los Angeles next week from Chicago in his six cylinder Chalmers, with which he has been making the tour across the continent. At last reports Webb was in New Mexico, planning to invade Arizona.

After a short trip to the Grand Canyon it is likely that he will drive through Arizona over the Ocean-to-Ocean boulevard into Los Angeles. In letters to friends here he complains that the middle western roads are much inferior to those found in California.

Official Statistics to Date—According to estimates issued this week from Sacramento, an average of \$3,000,000 a month is spent by Californians for new automobiles, and about \$50,000 for second hand cars. More than 2000 automobiles are registered every month. The secretary further estimates that of the \$3,000,000 spent for new automobiles, more than two thirds goes into the tills of auto factories outside the state.

Twelve Gallons a Day—Among the latest eastern motorists to cross the continent in a machine are Mr. and Mrs. George B. Smith of Syracuse, N. Y., who arrived here last week in a Maxwell. They are both enthusiastic over the drive, and found it an easy and pleasant trip. The distance of 5370 miles was made in thirty days. Three hundred and fifty gallons of gasoline, and five gallons of oil were used. Not a garage was visited on the entire journey. The Smiths expect to make Los Angeles their home.

Advice From an Expert—George Uhl, a motor enthusiast of San Francisco, was a visitor along the local auto row last week, coming south in a new Peerless. He says the roads between here and San Francisco are in bad shape, and not likely to improve as the fall wears on. He advises motorists who contemplate going north not to delay as the winter rains will probably not better conditions.

"O Yea" Makes a Prediction—L. J. Ollier, head of Studebaker affairs in Southern California and Arizona, is back from a trip to the new state, on which he combined business and pleasure. He declares that Arizonans are looking forward with keen interest to the Los Angeles-to-Phoenix road race, and that it will be one of the most successful motor events of the year in the west.

Naming Henderson Car Spielers—J. W. Wilcox, formerly agent on the Pacific Coast for the Maxwell car, has secured the general agency for Southern California for the Henderson, a machine that was christened the day of the Indianapolis race. He is at present busy placing sub-agencies for the smaller towns of the south. Just now the contest is red hot over who shall be the Henderson representative in San Diego.

Winken and Blynken and Nod—Game to the limit was bagged by a merry party of local newspapermen, including Willard Wood, automobile editor of the Express, Bruce Bliven, advertising manager of Harris and Frank, and J. G. Griffin, publicity manager of the Studebaker corporation, on a hunting trip into the San Bernardino desert made in a Studebaker "30" last week end, and two holidays. The party left Los Angeles Friday evening and returned Monday evening, having had several days' enjoyable sport.

Optimistic as to Miller's—W. E. McCune of the W. D. Newerf Rubber company is on a business trip in the north, and is said to be swinging several large deals in Miller agencies. McCune is making a thorough canvas of all the live towns of California and writes that within a month there will be no center of any consequence in the state in which Miller tires are not famous.

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Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spreading thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
09962 Not coal lands
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.
July 23, 1912.

NOTICE is hereby given that Albert William Marsh, of Temple Block, Los Angeles, California, who, on January 9, 1905, made Homestead Entry, 10735, No. 09962 (F. C. No. 6117), for Lots 2, 3 and 4, Section 19, and Lot 4, Section 20, Township 1S, Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, as amended from Lot 1, Sec. 18, Lots 1, 2 and 3, Sec. 19, and Lot 4, Sec. 20, T. 1. R. 20 W. has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 5th day of September, 1912. Claimant names as witnesses:

John U. Henry, of Santa Monica, California; Frank Slett, of Santa Monica, California; J. R. Sheckles, of Santa Monica, California; David D. Parten, of Los Angeles.

FRANK BUREN, Register

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Stocks & Bonds



Summer inactivity being ended and with indications for the winter season all that could be desired, the predictions heretofore made in this column of a period of extraordinary prosperity in the investment market bid fair to be realized. Money conditions continue ideal and a buying power, which has been ready to make a demonstration, now only awaits a signal from the right source to take hold of the market.

Bank shares which have been quiet of late again are looking up, with all of the favorites once more sought and with a few of the best known issues up from one to five points since the last report. First National, Security Savings, Central National, Citizens National and California National are readily absorbed on all breaks, with All Night & Day, and Merchants Bank & Trust, much more than holding their own. F. & M. National is strong and in demand.

Among the better known bonds Associated Oil 5s, L. A. Home Telephones and a few of the water issues are wanted, Union Oil 5s also somewhat harder. Pasadena Home 5s are up two points since the last writing. The industrial list is brisk in spots, with the Edsons and L. A. Investment as the favorites. L. A. Home common and preferred are soft.

For the time, the petroleum list is not performing, the Doheny Mexicans ruling extremely quiet, and the Americans of the same origin also inactive. The Stewart oils are not in evidence, and the major Marias are almost moribund. Amalgamated, in the entire list of reliable performers, continues to act consistently, the stock having registered a gain of about \$2 a share this week. Rice Ranch is still somnolent and Western Union remains without energy of any kind, so far as trading is concerned.

Associated is worse than inactive, such transactions as show in the shares here, as well as in San Francisco, being of a nature not calculated to make an impression with the investing or the speculating public. Central is still regarded as too high in the opinion of those in position to know.

Among the lesser petroleum, California Midway has fallen away better than eight points this week, on reports that there is to be another assessment of five cents a share levied upon all outstanding stock at once, the second within about three months. Evidently, the company's expected gusher as yet is not anywhere in sight. National Pacific is to make a similar draft upon its owners in the near future, the total tax to be probably three cents more a share, so it is predicted in well informed circles. Yet in the face of what is evidently in store for the stockholders the price has been advanced this week nearly fifty per cent in market value.

There is an indication of activity in the mining market, with Consolidated Mines as the leader among this class of speculative material. The company showed a \$3,500 brick a few days ago, which, however, worked the stock up exactly one eighth of a point.

There is no sign of anything like a noticeable change in money rates in the near future, although there are in-

dications of a slight hardening in the supply as well as in the demand for active funds.

Banks and Banking

Franklin MacVeagh, secretary of the treasury, was asked whether he expected any sufficient stringency this season to justify the treasury coming to the aid of the banks. He replied: "At the present time the treasury has a comfortable balance, but by no means so large as the balances were in those days when the government had to come to the aid of the banks. There has been no suggestion this year that there will be any need of the government to take this action in the coming months, but I have no doubt, should the occasion arise and should the amount that the treasury could spare be of any value, that the treasury will be as ready to help the country as it has been in previous years."

Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank has established a branch at the corner of Pico and Grand, with A. D. Everhill and J. A. Hawkins in charge. The company has leased the brick building at the corner, but occupies only one room, which is handsomely fitted.

Clearings for the week ending August 29 showed an increase of 35.4% over last year, or \$2,682,596,000.

Long Beach will have a clearing house, the bankers of the beach town having decided that such an institution is necessary to their growing business.

Anaheim's Southern County Bank, which has a capital stock of \$25,000, has interested Russ Avery and Boyle Workman of this city, who are among the incorporators.

Balboa will probably have a bank in the near future, as a movement for such an institution is being encouraged.

Stock and Bond Briefs

"Europe is selling American securities, rather than buying them, and we must depend upon ourselves," declares a prominent New York bank official. "We next find that with the increased cost of living there is a general disposition to require higher rental rates for capital. People must have 6 and 7 per cent for their money and are willing to take securities that mean risk in order to obtain that income. One has only to look back a few months to see how instantaneously the issues of industrial and trading companies that have offered 6 and 7 per cent cumulative preferred stock have been snapped up. There can be no question that the stocks that have been handled by responsible bankers are probably in most cases sound propositions. But they have been drawing capital from old established investments and have created a furore—a craze—for this class of securities that cannot fail to spread to industrial concerns that are not so sound. It is in this direction that we must look for the danger that is already in view. Small and weak concerns are bound to follow, and are following, the strong ones with the hope of taking advantage of the enthusiasm that has already become so extravagant. Withdrawing of capital from old investments with no new capital to replace



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We're speeding up the machine every day—broke ground for ten new bungalows last week. And each house sold means a handsome profit for "Standard" stockholders. Don't you want YOUR share, Mr. Investor? You can join us now at 30c per share. But you've got to DO IT NOW—for the price is due for a heavy advance mighty suddenly. Remember—our par value is \$1.00. That means that when we're paying 6 per cent on par the man who bought at 30c will be netting over 18 per cent per annum.

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THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

it seems to promise depreciation in the so-called seasoned securities."

Up to 3 p. m., Sept. 17, the city clerk of Hermosa will receive sealed bids for the municipal wharf bonds of \$60,000, with certified check of 5% of amount bid. Forty bonds are for \$1000 and forty of \$500, interest 5%, payable semi-annually.

Colton will vote Sept. 25 on a school bond issue of \$6000, bonds of \$1000 each, interest 5% payable annually.

Fullerton has voted an issue of \$80,000 for a municipal water system, and \$132,000 for street improvements.

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S. E. Cor. Second and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital Stock, \$1,250,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Third and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$800,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE
IN LOS ANGELES
N. E. Cor. Second and Main

F. M. DOUGLAS, President.
H. J. STAVE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.
Surplus, \$25,000.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway

S. F. ZOMBRO, President.
JAMES E. GIST, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$244,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$700,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
NEWMAN, ESSICK, Cashier.
Capital, \$200,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$60,000.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK
Corner Fourth and Main

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V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
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Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

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—Suits that are not to be seen at any other Southern California store are shown at Bullock's. Suits from Fashion's Master Artists, chosen with painstaking care. New suits with extraordinary character and style.

—New Suits notable for their Individuality, that in ever so many cases will surprise you with their value—And the very Biggest Surprise of all the new

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—From a famous tailor—they come, as smart as the smartest of the new Fall styles, of Bedford cord—in navy; of Diagonal and mannish serges, in navy and in black.

—Of two-toned mixtures in gray, tan and brown; of mannish materials in gray; even of beautiful velour cloth in Copenhagen blue, leather brown or plain; then there are hairline cloths in navy and white.

—Some on cutaway lines, semi and loose fitting; belted in back effects; strictly tailored models that will delight every one who sees them. Remarkable, at \$25.00.



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